

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



**"GREATEST FAITH IN IT
FOR OUR BABY"**

Writes a Mother.
A healthy baby's fretfulness usually arises from disturbance in the delicate digestive tract. The food disagreeing, a trio of troubles follow—acidity, wind, pain. But these are quite preventable. Baby can be made happy and kept in perfect health by Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia. A bland, harmless and absolutely safe liquid preparation. Used for generations in the nursery. Give one or two teaspoonfuls before each natural feed; or if artificially fed, add that quantity to each bottle. Most helpful also in teething. It is undoubtedly the finest form in which to take Magnesia, and has been recommended by the Medical Profession for over 100 years.

AVOID IMITATIONS
Look for the name "Dinneford's"
on every bottle and label.
FULL INSTRUCTIONS ENCLOSED

DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID
MAGNESIA

**BRITISH MADE
BRITISH OWNED**
1/3 and 2/6
Per bottle.

KUTNOW'S POWDER
EFFERVESCENT SALINE

**Taken Every Morning
Keeps You
Internally Clean**

AS GOOD AS WHISKY CAN BE!

m'callum's
PERFECTION SCOTS WHISKY.

DON'T BE DULL

USE
RONUK
POLISHES

RONUK LTD., PORTSLADE, SUSSEX

When 'FLU
is suspected
— take

GENASPRIN

The
SAFE
BRAND

CANADIAN CLUB

**SMOKING MIXTURE
AND CIGARETTES**

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE **LTD.**
CORPORATION
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.



AGED • • OF RARE
 MELLOWNESS • • •
 SUBTLE BOUQUET •
 DISTINCTIVE • • BY
 HOST • BY GUESTS •
 BY ALL PREFERRED

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

Wm. Grant & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Dufftown, Scotland.

USEFUL—LASTING— INEXPENSIVE

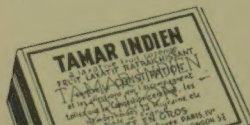


Carriage paid.
 7 feet x 5 feet.
 5 ft. to eaves.
£5 : 9 : 6
 8 feet x 5 feet.
 5 feet to eaves.
£6 : 10 : 0
 Other sizes at proportionate prices.

Cosy and Storm-proof, a Workshop in which you can work comfortably during cold or wet weather. Well constructed in Red Deal with long window in front and strong bench underneath. Made in sections—easily bolted together.

Visit our permanent show grounds, or send for Free Catalogue B.48 of Portable Buildings.

BROWNE & LILLY, LTD.
 THAMES SIDE, READING.



Nature
 provides
 relief for

CONSTIPATION

Prescribed
 by Doctors
 for more
 than 50
 years

The laxative principle of fresh fruit concentrated in a palatable lozenge. Tamar is not a purgative, but is gentle, easing and corrective in its action, restoring the normal functioning of the bowels. An old and proved prescription, the safest of all preparations for constipation and gastric troubles.

TAMAR **3/-** per box
INDIEN
GRILLON
 From all good Chemists. Write for generous sample to: Guyot Guenin & Son (Dept. L.N.), 67, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E. 1.



VAPEX
 WILL STOP THAT COLD

you owe it
 to your heirs..

to make provision for Death Duties. Let the Scottish Widows' shoulder the burden for you. An adequate Death Duties policy automatically cancels the Government demands on your estate. Write for booklet which gives valuable hints on this subject.

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

THE
 HALL MARK OF
 STERLING QUALITY
 IN MUTUAL LIFE
 ASSURANCE



Write to the Secretary

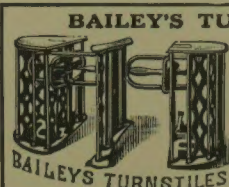
Head Office:
 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH, 2
 London Offices: 28 CORNHILL, E.C.3
 Telephone: Mansion House 9066, and
 17 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.1
 Telephone: Whitehall 6041

NICE
ATLANTIC
HOTEL

Newest first-class Hotel
 of distinction.

Greatest comfort and
 atmosphere of home.
 200 Rooms.

MODERATE TERMS.
 Swiss Proprietor.



BAILEY'S TURNSTILES

Supplied to Greyhound
 Tracks, Racecourses,
 Cricket and Football
 Clubs, Zoological Gar-
 dens, Piers, Baths, Etc.,
 all over the world.

Sir W. H. BAILEY & Co. Ltd.
 Albion Works,
 SALFORD 5, LANCs.



FOR your convenience, "The Australia" is set in the very centre of things--a quiet and luxurious oasis from which you can, at your pleasure, step forth into the busy whirl of office, shop and theatre.

To a perfect site "The Australia" does full justice; it is thoroughly modern, socially distinguished, restfully luxurious, courteous in service and world-famous in cuisine.

New Reduced Tariff—"Room only" Rates. Free on request to intending visitors—magnificently illustrated handbook.

Cable and Wireless Address: "Australotel, Sydney."

The Australia Hotel

THE HOTEL OF THE COMMONWEALTH SYDNEY N.S.W.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF

The Illustrated London News

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months including Double Nos.	Three months no extras.
AT HOME ..	£3 4s. od.	£1 14s. od.	15s. od.
CANADA ..	£3 1s. 8d.	£1 12s. 6d.	14s. 8d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD ..	£3 11s. 4d.	£1 17s. 6d.	17s. od.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Illustrated London News,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Please send me THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS weekly for _____ months, commencing with the issue of _____ for which

I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____ 1933

CAREER FOR LADIES

The Mayfair Salons have vacancies for ladies to train in the latest methods of Beauty Culture and Hairdressing, with the advantages of a Mayfair training and practical work in the Salons. Small premium.

28, GEORGE ST., HANOVER SQ., W.1
Mayfair 4782.

AXED NAVAL & MILITARY MEN and others from the East, can hear of definite careers with investments of £500-£2000 by applying:

MIDWINTERS, 265, Strand, W.C.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from ONE GUINEA.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.1.

Swan & Edgar's Dainty and Delightful Lingerie



"Fanchon" (left). Charming Nightgown in artificial floral crêpe - de - Chine. Trimmed with lace edging and lace motifs. Tie at waist. In white, pink, peach, pale green, sky blue, or yellow. Women's size.

10/-

O.S. 12/11



"Fleur" (right). A lovely Pyjama-Nightie in floral artificial crêpe-de-Chine, with inlet butterfly of net. Daintily trimmed with frilly net. In white, pink, peach, apple green, sky blue, or yellow.

12/11

"Fleur"

Lingerie: Fourth Floor

SWAN & EDGAR

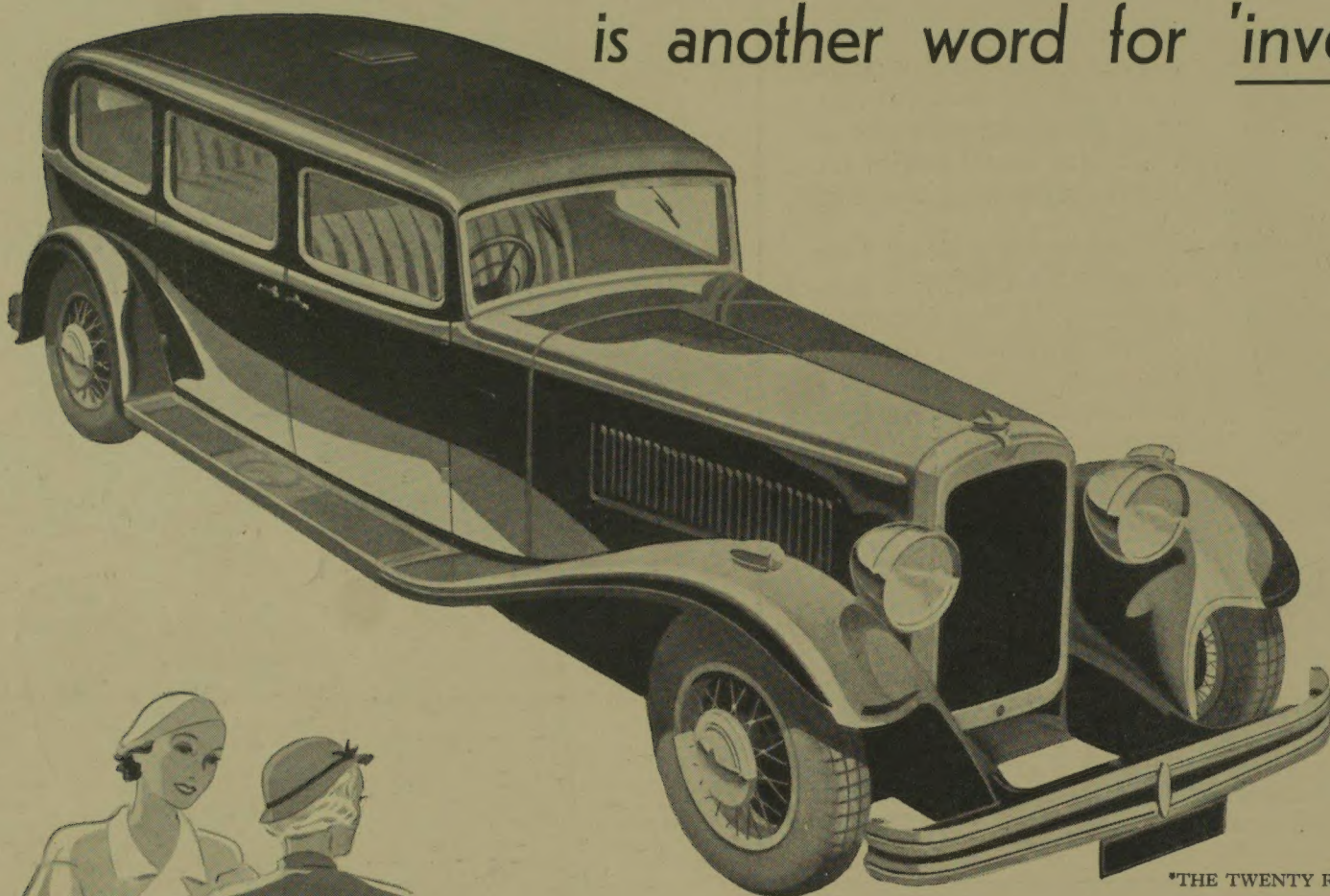
Piccadilly Circus - The hub of the World

Swan & Edgar, Ltd., London W.1.

'phone: Regent 1616

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N

"Is it true that 'buying' an Austin
is another word for 'investing'?"



*THE TWENTY RANELAGH LIMOUSINE

"Yes, I've just proved it—by selling one!"

"Sounds like a riddle."

"No, quite simple. I've been coveting a bigger Austin. You remember my 1928 model? And how Martin talks cars if you let him? Martin said, 'easy enough for you to resell an Austin.' He says lots of other '28 makes are out of date, and not much service left in them, either. '29—design changed; '30—like a different car; naturally the '28 car is a drug on the market! But he says they improve Austins gradually and not by drastic annual modifications—because there's no real need to change each year. And that's why you can always find a ready buyer."

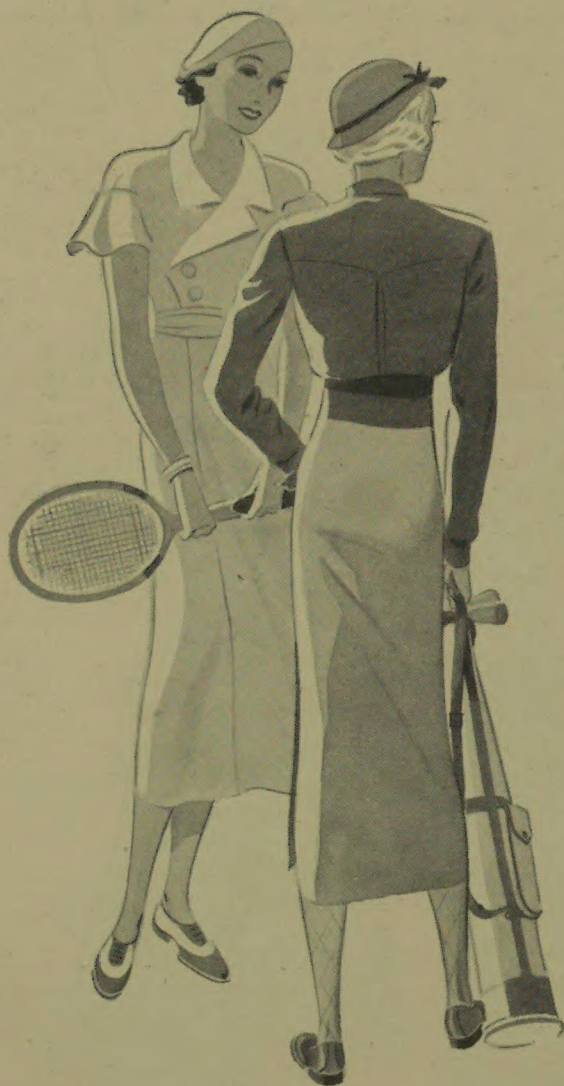
"What they've got is sound—so they stick to it?"

"Yes, and he says, 'Prove it by looking at Austin prices among cars-for-sale in the motor papers'!"

"It'll be the same with your new car, then?"

"Yes, it's 'investing' because you get your money's worth in the first place, and later on quite a lot of it back, too!"

***THE TWENTY RANELAGH LIMOUSINE** Seven-Seater. Occasional folding seats. Hinged arm-rest. Vaumol hide or Bedford cord upholstery. Adjustable screen separating driving compartment. 23.5 h.p. 6-cylinder engine developing approximately 50 h.p. 8-bearing crankshaft. Semi-elliptic springing, zinc interleaved. Thermostatic cooling control. Twin-Top 4-speed gearbox. Triplex glass all round. Chromium finish. Dunlop tyres. Price at works . . . **£575.** Whitehall Saloon . . . **£498.**



YOU BUY A CAR — BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

AUSTIN

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE
4d. EVERY MONTH.



The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms and Service Station for the 7 and 10 h.p. models: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1.
Showrooms and Service Station for the 20, 16, 12 and Light 12/4 h.p. models: Holland Park Hall, W.11

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1933.



JAPAN WITHDRAWS FROM THE SPECIAL ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AT GENEVA: MR. MATSUOKA (RIGHT) AND COLLEAGUES WALKING OUT AFTER THE VOTE ON THE SINO-JAPANESE DISPUTE OVER MANCHURIA.

Before the vote on the Committee of Nineteen's Report on Manchuria was taken at the Special Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva on February 24, Dr. Yen, the Chinese delegate, spoke, stating that his country's delegation would vote for the Report. Mr. Matsuoka made a dramatic speech for Japan, and, having announced that his Government could not accept the Report, urged that the Committee of Nineteen had failed to realise the actual situation in the Far East. He declared, further, his belief that the Powers had long been dealing in fictions

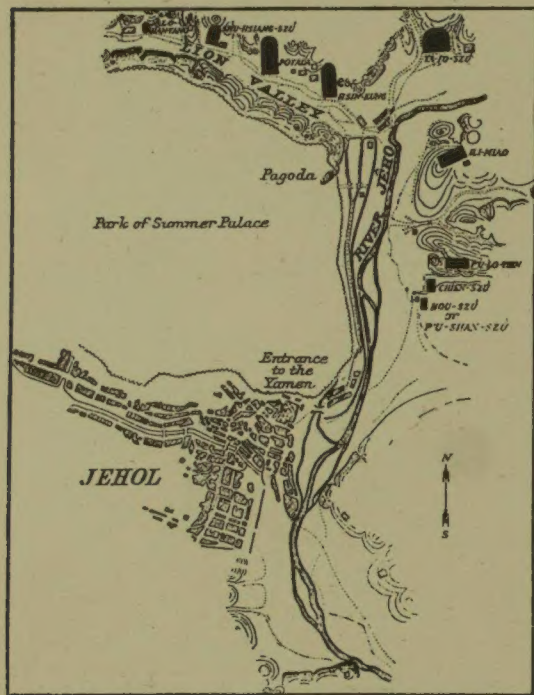
regarding China, within which, he argued, there was no constituted Government supreme and able to govern. In concluding, he asked the delegates, for the sake of peace in the Far East and of peace throughout the world, not to adopt the Report. The vote was then taken: forty-two for the Report; one (Japan) against. After the voting, Mr. Matsuoka said that Japan would make the utmost efforts for peace in the Far East, and for the maintenance and strengthening of cordial relations with other Powers. Mr. Matsuoka and his colleagues then walked out.

JEHOL—CAPITAL OF THE DISPUTED PROVINCE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"JEHOL, CITY OF EMPERORS": By SVEN HEDIN.*

(PUBLISHED BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER.)

TO-DAY the first flames of war crackle round Jehol, completing the ruin which began a century ago; but in an earlier day it was the Xanadu where the mightiest dynasty of Chinese history decreed its stately pleasures. The Emperor K'ang-Hsi wrote of it, when he chose it for his delight: "Jehol, where Chin-Shan, the Golden Mountain, rises, where the warm springs run, where the clouds spread out over valleys through which trickle brooks of clear water, where rocky pools and verdure abound, where the rivers are broad and the grass



THE "FONTAINEBLEAU" OF CHINA: JEHOI CITY, THE OLD SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE MANCHU EMPERORS—A SKETCH MAP SHOWING POSITIONS OF THE PRINCIPAL TEMPLES.

Drawn by Georg Soderbom.

luxuriant, yet no damage is done to farmsteads, where the breeze is clear and the summer cool, suited to rest and relaxation. Jehol is indeed a spot created by nature for her children." Even to-day, though it is sad with the memories of departed glory, much of its beauty still lingers. "The park, with its sighing pine-trees, its gate-houses, pavilions, pagodas, the magnificent stone façades, and the noble temple beneath its golden roof, were all equally fascinating, from whatever point one looked at them. From the terraces and balconies on the various hills, the view over the valley was magnificent. When we stood on the highest point we saw the scattered buildings, pagodas, and *chortens* in the park far beneath, and, on the south side of the Lion Valley, the hills, over whose ridges, like a grey curving ribbon, ran the wall of the Summer Palace. To the east-south-east we could see the neighbouring temple buildings of Hsin-kung, which we were soon to visit. . . . In the sunset the dragons and elephants shone like gold. The pines in the parks glowed fiery red, and the rust-coloured walls took on shades of volcanic intensity in the afterglow. The shadows lengthened and another night crept over Jehol. The gloom that always reigned in Hsin-kung's enclosed temple halls deepened, and it was only with difficulty that we could make out the few gods who still bent their dreaming faces over the altars." Here, on every side—ruins though they are—still lie shrines of magical names and enchanted memories—The Temple of All Preservation, The Temple of Universal Delight, The Temple of the Penetrating Joy, The Temple of Universal Love, The Temple of the Mountainous Good Fortune and Honourable Old Age.

Here, in short, two days' journey north of the Celestial capital, was "the captain jewel of the carcanet" of the great House of Manchu. It was primarily a Summer City for the Emperor's

pleasure, but it had a political purpose as well; for K'ang-Hsi founded it "outside the Great Wall in order to have the Mongol Princes under his eye, so that he could impress them by splendid audiences, dazzling hunting expeditions, and awe-inspiring military manoeuvres, and that he himself might occupy the northernmost outpost as a protection for his immense kingdom." For more than a century it was a symbol of the richest efflorescence of China's power and culture. Between 1662 and 1796, the three Emperors K'ang-Hsi, Yung-Ch'eng, and Ch'ien-Lung "gave to China a period of prosperity and progress such as it had seldom experienced. In reality the first period of the Ch'ing Dynasty was, politically and socially, a new period of greatness, during which China, with a vastly increasing population and great economic development, grew into the enormous mass of people that became the centre of gravity of the whole of Asia." K'ang-Hsi was an astute, benevolent, and high-minded ruler, who, coming to the throne at the age of fourteen, governed his country brilliantly for half a century. Many of his decrees survive, and appear in this volume in translation; they are highly interesting historical documents in their mingled wisdom, comprehensiveness, and ingenuousness. There was a threat of decline under Yung-Ch'eng, but the fourth Manchu sovereign, Ch'ien-Lung, in a reign of sixty years, restored and even enhanced the achievements of his grandfather. In the strength and extent of his dominion, and in the versatility of his gifts, he has seldom been excelled by any ruler. He consolidated the vast Chinese Empire of the eighteenth century, from the China Seas to the Himalayas, and to say of him that he "was incomparably the strongest and most powerful man in Asia" is to say that he was one of the mightiest mortals in the world, or in history. Nor is there any evidence that, according to the standards of his age and his race, he abused his great power. Yet he was not proof against common frailties. Because he could not win so much as a gracious word or look from the lovely Princess Hsiang Fei of Turkistan, "the Sweet Scented One," whose husband had been slain by his generals, he fell into a green sickness which bade fair to unman and to unking him. Therefore, since it is good that one should die for the sake of the people, the Sweet Scented One went to the death by strangulation, which she herself craved, at the bidding of the Emperor's mother, whose command was higher than that of the sovereign himself.

A more serious weakness in this Son of Heaven was that, like many another potentate, he allowed himself to fall under the influence of an unscrupulous favourite. His Prime Minister, Ho Shên, whom he raised from the dust to almost absolute power, grossly abused his position, filling the land with rapacity and corruption. Without complaint or defence he paid the penalty for his misdeeds, hanging himself with the Yellow Cord which the Emperor was at last compelled to send him; but the harm he had done was irreparable, "and the century of devastating insurrection and ruin that followed was his work and his alone." The star of the Manchus swooped down the sky under a succession of feeble rulers. By the middle of the nineteenth century internal anarchy was added to foreign invasion, and in 1860 English and French troops, under Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, took the road to Jehol, on from Peking, where they had shown their

superior culture by burning and sacking the most superb palace in the world, with all its treasures of art and literature. The weakling Emperor Hsien-fêng fled before the storm and died at Jehol, and the power of the Manchus was snatched by his scheming concubine Yehonala, who ruled the Empire for fifty years as the Dowager Empress Ts'u-hsi. From that day, China's troubles have never ceased. Jehol, mausoleum of splendours, is given over to the bats and jackals, and in ten years, perhaps, nothing of it will remain but rubble—if, indeed, before that time shells and bombs have not already blown it into dust.

But to the imaginative eye, pageant and drama will live imperishably upon this scene. Something, perhaps, will remain of the incomparable Potala temple-monastery, to remind the historian of the marvellous Odyssey of the Torgot, or Kalmuks, and of their return to the Chinese Empire; for such a monument, its builder, the Emperor Ch'ien-Lung, intended it to be for all time. If one stone stands

upon another of the Yellow Temple, the eye of faith will picture the visit of the Tashi Lama to the Emperor in 1779. This was an event of the highest political importance: the two most powerful men in Asia met, amid pomp of fable and fairy-tale, not merely to exchange courtesies, but to consolidate the sway of the Chinese Empire and to discuss the political overtures of a certain importunate barbarian named Warren Hastings. In Jehol the Tashi Lama died, held by anxious hands, in the very article of death, in the posture of the sitting Buddha; and from Jehol his funeral procession, of unexampled magnificence, made its way across desert and mountain to distant Tibet.

Other ghosts are legion, but for the Englishman perhaps none arrests the attention more than that of Lord Macartney, who, in 1793, went to the Summer City as the ambassador of George III. of England. He was received with condescending courtesy as the representative of one of the innumerable vassal princes who came to pay homage to the Emperor, and not without difficulty he was exempted from the ceremonial of prostrating himself before the Son of Heaven. The "tribute" which he brought was graciously accepted; but his mission, which was to open up trade facilities, was regarded, and treated, as little more than an impertinence. The King of England was reminded that the greatest potentate on earth really could not be troubled with the pretensions of every insignificant barbarian princeling. As for the manufactures of which this vain people seemed to be so proud, "rare



THE ROUND PAVILION AT P'U-LO-TIEN: A "TEMPLE OF UNIVERSAL DELIGHT" AT JEHOI.

"We came to the strange and original sanctuary which bears the name P'u-lo-tien, the Temple of Universal Delight. The date of the building was 1767, and the main hall is dedicated to 'Buddha, the King of the Highest Joy.' . . . On the topmost terrace rose the chief temple, reminiscent of the Temple of Heaven at Peking. It was round and had two roofs."

Illustrations on this page reproduced from "Jehol, City of Emperors," by Sven Hedin. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co. Ltd.

and valuable objects are not appreciated, and we have not the slightest need of the products of your land, O King." With an almost contemptuous gesture, the Emperor sends "all manner of patterned silks and costly writing materials," and bids the recipient "receive them humbly and bear in mind our Imperial wishes." Only at the point of the sword could England, which was far less important to the Emperor than Tibet, convince the Celestial that she was more than a subject state.

Dr. Sven Hedin's visit to Jehol had more than an antiquarian purpose. He was commissioned by Mr. Vincent Bendix, of Chicago, to obtain measurements and particulars for replicas of a Lama temple in Chicago and Stockholm, and the unique Golden Pavilion in Potala was selected for this purpose. Whatever happens, therefore, to Jehol by violence or by the ravages of time, posterity will possess in the West a record of one of the most remarkable of Oriental buildings. The book abounds in admirable photographs, for which the author expresses his indebtedness to his colleague, Dr. Montell; and, with the aid of the Librarian of the Peking National Library, many hitherto unpublished Chinese documents, especially imperial decrees, appear in translation in these pages for the first time. We leave the City of Emperors reflecting, with Dr. Sven Hedin: "If those little ruined pleasure palaces, those romantic pavilions, and silted pools, silent waterfalls, shattered bridges and 'beautiful places' could but talk, what would they not have to tell?" What will they have to tell in the near future? C. K. A.



ONE OF THE FOUR GIANT GUARDIANS OF THE COPPER TEMPLE: AN AWE-INSPIRING JANITOR OF A SANCTUARY AT JEHOI.

"The Copper Temple was a small sanctuary, in the entrance hall of which four giant guardians, in coloured costumes and armed with awe-inspiring weapons, faithfully kept watch. These were very well preserved."

* "Jehol, City of Emperors." By Sven Hedin, Author of "Across the Gobi Desert," etc. Translated from the Swedish by E. G. Nash. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Ltd.; 18s. net.)

LIFE IN JEHO: THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF A DISPUTED PROVINCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SVEN HEDIN—AKADEMIA.



A BOAT FROM THE LUANG-HO CONVEYED OVERLAND TO ANOTHER RIVER:
AN INCIDENT OF WATER TRANSPORT IN THE DISPUTED PROVINCE OF JEHO.



THE SONG OF THE LUANG-HO BOATMEN: CHINESE WATERMEN CALLING
"HI" AND "HO" AS THEY PROPEL A JUNK FROM JEHO TO PEKING



CHINESE JUNKS ON THE LUANG-HO—ONE OF THEM WITH STRIPED SAILS:
PICTURESQUE RIVER-CRAFT IN THE PROVINCE OF JEHO.



A NOMAD LAMA PRIEST EXPLAINING A PASSAGE OF SACRED WRITINGS TO A PILGRIM
ON THE WAY TO JEHO CITY: RELIGION BY THE ROADSIDE.



THE MAIN COURTYARD OF THE "TEMPLE OF THE GREAT BUDDHA" IN JEHO,
THE CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE: A VIEW SHOWING MARBLE STEPS.

The province of Jeho, that "bone of contention" between China and Japan, is a region of great interest, as these photographs show, in the matter of picturesque landscape and native life, while its capital city, once the summer residence of the Manchu Emperors of China, is wonderfully rich in architecture. Interesting details of the temples and their history are given in Dr. Sven Hedin's book, "Jeho—City of Emperors," reviewed opposite. Thus, regarding the subject of the lower left-hand illustration above, he writes: "About half a mile east-north-east of Hsin-kung and a mile north of Ili-miao stood the temple of Ta-fo-szu



AN OLD TRIUMPHAL ARCH (PAI-LOU) ACROSS A STREET OF JEHO CITY:
A SCENE SHOWING TYPES OF INHABITANTS, BUILDINGS, AND VEHICLES.

(the Temple of the Great Buddha). Its real name is P'u-ning-szu (the Temple of Pervading Peace). It was built by Ch'ien-lung in 1755 to commemorate the subjugation of the Dzungars. . . . At the gatehouse stood a lonely guardian tree, a leafy, shade-giving acacia. . . . Forty-one steps led up to another courtyard surrounded by temples, pavilions, and pagodas in both Chinese and Tibetan style, some with balustrades of fretted white marble in lovely patterns, each vertical post being surmounted by a tall knob. We could not glance in any direction without seeing the most beautiful and satisfying architectural perspectives."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

NOT very long ago, men complained of the cynic, saying that he was hard and had no human feelings. Now they are asked rather to respect the cynic, because his feelings are so soft and sensitive. This is a curious change, but a real one, and one that has not been adequately noticed. There is a type of modern youth which is cynical not because it is thick-skinned, but because it is thin-skinned. It has exactly the same tendency to shudder at anything conventional as the Victorian spinster had to shudder at anything unconventional. Indeed, the cynical youth is in many ways very like the Victorian spinster, only not so self-controlled. There is, however, in his world of culture exactly the same fundamental weakness that really weakened the worst parts of the old world of convention. I mean, there is the horror of certain phrases as such, of certain allusions and associations, without any real effort to reduce them to any system recognised by the reason. The new type of sensitive is sickened by anything that he would call sentimental, just as the spinster was by anything that she would call cynical. In both cases it is a matter of associations and not of analysis; and it matters more what words are used than what thought is presented. The truly refined youth will turn pale green at the mention of a mother's love, or be seriously unwell on hearing of a happy marriage; just as the refined of more remote days would feel very sick if they read his little poems about torture or typhus fever. I know a distinguished lady who can hardly even hear the words "women and children," though merely as a convenient classification, without being carried fainting from the room. People are positively nervous about mentioning duty or conscience or religion, because of the high-strung and delicately poised sanity of the new sort of cynic. It is not altogether as a joke that he tells you that, if you say such words, he will scream. Often, even as you hear him casually speaking, you can tell that he is near to screaming. This is something more than a perversity; it is an inversion, and an inversion which amounts to a sort of mental malformation. If our aunts ought to have been able to hear of immorality without fainting, surely our nephews might brace themselves to hear about morality without throwing an epileptic fit. The real and reasonable question of morality and immorality awaits discussion; and it will not be best discussed by epileptics, even if they are also cynics.

All this has ended in a sort of Manichean madness against the fundamental facts of life. It is as if every humour of the human body were a disease; every organ were a cancerous growth; the whole make-up of man consisting of nothing but parasitic organisms. From many modern novels and plays, one would suppose that *all* maternal affection was a "possessive" tyranny of egotistical tenderness; as if *all* domestic contentment were a paralytic stroke of arrested mental progress; as if *all* natural defence of normal privacy and honour were a disease of atavistic jealousy and subhuman segregation. That there are mothers who are too possessive, or wives who are too conventional, or husbands who are too selfish or unsociable is a fact so obvious that it has been satirised

by all the satirists of human history. But the modern thing I mean carries with it quite a different implication. It implies not that the fruit is sometimes rotten, but that the root is always rotten; and the further that feeling goes, the more it works backwards to a rottenness in the very roots of the tree of life. It rather resembles a sort of rage of amputation in a mad surgeon who has forgotten the difference between the malady and the man. There is nothing that needs a sense of proportion so much as amputation; and in this inhuman philosophy it has gone far beyond the cutting off of the hand, or the plucking out of the eye, which symbolise the extremes of asceticism. We may tolerate the dentist, who passes from the curing of toothache to the

This is a new and curious philosophical phase. In many it is not yet conscious. But for many it will be the final phase of that fury of fastidiousness which already rages in them against the mere mention of common affections or even natural habits. It is an odd thing that a movement which set out with a claim to satisfy the most perilous natural passions should end by being unsatisfied even with the most harmless natural affections. But the serpent always bites his own tail; and the whirlwind always turns upon itself; and all the emanations of evil in history have always described this strange curve and ended up by contradicting themselves. The excess of Private Judgment ended in Prussianism; the excess of Prohibitionism and Puritanism ended in a government

of bootleggers and gangsters; the excess of cut-throat competition, born of the Manchester School, ended in the universal tyranny of the Monopoly and the Trust. This is not the first time in history that the excess of Paganism has led to mere Pessimism, and its name now, like its name two thousand years ago, is, or ought to be, Manicheanism. It appears at that point when men can no longer distinguish between the leprosy that is devouring the life and the life which it devours; when their rage against the weeds that choke the flowers passes into a wild feeling that all flowers are weeds; when the tares and the wheat seem so hopelessly entangled that the demented farmer is more angry with the wheat than with the tares. That was the frame of mind in which many men, in the age of St. Augustine, for instance, passed from a Greek glorification of nature to an Oriental glorification of nothing; because nature herself demanded sacrifice and life itself imposes limits. By ignoring limits, they lost all sense even of the limit that divides life and death, and finally found in death the only unlimited liberty. That ancient and tragic transformation from the Pagan to the Manichee is passing through many minds, and fulfilling itself before our very eyes to-day; and whether there be any cure for it, deeper than the destruction itself, this is no place to enquire.

But we can protest against history and human experience being distorted by these fleeting fads and fashions. Because we know nothing at all about Cornelia, except that she loved her children and called them her jewels, we need not tolerate the nonsense of somebody who says that she must have been a "possessive" mother, devouring her children's lives with destructive affection. Because we know nothing whatever about Scævola, except that he is said to have thrust his hand in the fire as a defiance to the enemies of his country, we need not listen to the rubbish of recent psycho-pathologists, who will doubtless suggest that he had a perverted sexual pleasure in feeling pain. Because there is nothing known about Absalom, except that he indulged in a very ordinary human freak of getting up against his father, we need not rush to the exploded doctrines of Freud to find an unproved jealousy about an unrecorded mother. We can keep our common sense, and know that ordinary things are so called because they often happen, and that they need no explanation but the order of things as they are.



THE FATEFUL VOTE ON THE COMMITTEE OF NINETEEN'S REPORT ON MANCHURIA: M. HYMANS ANNOUNCING THE RESULT AT THE SPECIAL ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AT GENEVA ON FEBRUARY 24—FORTY-TWO FOR THE ADOPTION OF THE REPORT; ONE (JAPAN) AGAINST.

The vote as to whether or no the Committee of Nineteen's report on Manchuria should be adopted was taken by roll call. Forty-two States voted for the adoption and one (Japan) against. Siam abstained; and the representatives of thirteen States were absent from the Assembly. By the rules of the League, the vote is looked upon as unanimous, the Japanese vote being that of an interested party and Siam counting as an absentee. The Report condemns Japan for not agreeing to arbitration, and argues that her military actions in Manchuria cannot be regarded as self-defence. It suggests that there should be autonomous government for Manchuria; China to have sovereignty, but the special rights of Japan to be protected.

universal pulling out of teeth. We need not tolerate the psychologist, whose only cure for a headache is cutting off the head. It will be some time before the psychologist can provide an artificial head, as the dentist can provide an artificial set of teeth.

Meanwhile the general stampede against nature goes on, and the paradise of the future looks more and more like a world of wigs, wooden legs, glass eyes, and everything that must be right because nature must be wrong. Just as these men would have forgotten that there is such a thing as the healthy human body, which we may or may not be able to restore, so they have forgotten entirely that there is a healthy condition of the natural emotions, quite apart from whether it was perfectly attained by our immediate parents in the immediate past. Those who are now called Pagans actually do what they themselves have chiefly blamed in the Puritans: they despise the body and all the affections that lie nearest to the body. Their æstheticism, more than any asceticism, has produced a repugnance for the real facts of life. Christians renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil; the new heathens do their best to accept the devil; but they have not stomach enough really to accept either the flesh or the world.

THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE MR. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES.



THE WOMAN WHO PROBABLY SAVED MR. ROOSEVELT'S LIFE: MRS. W. F. CROSS, WHO JERKED THE ARM OF ZANGARA AS HE FIRED AT THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.



MR. ANTON CERMAK BEING ASSISTED TO A CAR AFTER BEING HIT BY A BULLET INTENDED FOR MR. ROOSEVELT: THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO, WHO WAS VERY SEVERELY INJURED.



AN UNINTENDED VICTIM OF SHOTS FIRED AT PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT: MRS. JOSEPH GILL, OF MIAMI, WHO WAS IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.



SERIOUSLY INJURED BY THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN OF MR. ROOSEVELT, AT MIAMI, FLORIDA: MR. ANTON CERMAK, MAYOR OF CHICAGO, WHO WAS STANDING BESIDE THE PRESIDENT-ELECT WHEN THE ATTEMPT WAS MADE ON HIS LIFE.



THE ITALIAN-AMERICAN WHO SHOT AT MR. ROOSEVELT AND WAS SENTENCED TO EIGHTY YEARS' IMPRISONMENT FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER: GIUSEPPE ZANGARA, AN ANARCHIST WHO HATED PRESIDENTS.



PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT, WHO TAKES OFFICE TO-DAY (MARCH 4), SPEAKING INTO THE MICROPHONE TO THE THROG THAT GREETED HIM AT MIAMI: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST BEFORE THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

As mentioned in our last issue, a dastardly attempt was made on the life of Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, President-elect of the United States, who succeeds Mr. Hoover in office to-day (March 4), when he had landed at Miami, Florida, on February 15, at the conclusion of a fishing trip on board Mr. Vincent Astor's yacht, "Nourmahal." Mr. Roosevelt was addressing a large crowd at Bay Front Park, and had just ended a brief speech of thanks for his reception. As he sat down in his car, his assailant, an Italian-American named Giuseppe Zangara,



WAVING TO THE CROWD TO SHOW THAT HE WAS UNHARMED AFTER THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE: MR. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT IN THE CAR WHERE HE WAS SITTING AT THE TIME OF THE OUTRAGE.

opened fire from a few yards away. Five shots, wildly aimed, were fired; at the fifth shot Mrs. Cross, standing near Zangara, managed to knock up his arm, and he was then overpowered. Mr. Roosevelt was unhurt, but five persons near him were injured by bullets, two of them, Mr. Cermak and Mrs. Gill, very seriously. At the time of going to press Mr. Cermak was still very seriously ill. On February 20 Zangara was sentenced to eighty years' imprisonment on four charges of attempted murder, to which he pleaded guilty.

THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR SURPASSES ITSELF: WHITE CITY EXHIBITS.



1. A HAND-LOOM FOR WEAVING BATH-MATS IN COTTON: AN INVENTION FROM BELFAST AS DEMONSTRATED AT THE WHITE CITY.

2. THE NEWEST DESIGNS IN CRUISING SUITS FROM LANCASHIRE: EXAMPLES IN BOTANY WOOL, FAST AND PROOF AGAINST TROPICAL SUN AND SEA.



3. ANTI-CREASE FABRIC AS DEMONSTRATED AT A STAND WHERE THE QUEEN CHOSE SOME FOULARD AND VOILE AS BEING "VERY GOOD FOR TRAVELLING."



4. AT A WEDDING-DRESS MANNEQUIN PARADE: (IN FRONT, LEFT TO RIGHT) THE PRINCE OF WALES, LORD DERBY, THE QUEEN, AND PRINCESS ROYAL (SIXTH).



5. DISPLAYING FURNISHING TAPESTRIES AND BROCATELLES AT THE WHITE CITY: MATERIALS OF WHICH THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL ASKED FOR SAMPLES TO BE SENT FOR SELECTION.



6. WITH A 10-STONE WEIGHT TO TEST SPRINGS OF A NEW TYPE: A CHAIR SIMILAR TO ONE RECENTLY BOUGHT BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



7. THE MAKER OF A MODEL OF THE "VICTORY" BOUGHT BY THE QUEEN FOR THE KING: MR. F. A. SAUNDERS.

The British Industries Fair, organised by the Department of Overseas Trade, has grown in extent and importance with every successive year, and this year's magnificent exhibition may well have marked a turning-point in British trade, now that there are hopeful signs of reviving prosperity. The Fair, which (as noted in our last issue) was opened on February 20, to continue until March 3,

was again divided into three sections—at Olympia (for the lighter industries), at the White City, Shepherd's Bush (textiles and furniture), and at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham (for heavy industries). The total floor area of the buildings occupied in London and Birmingham was nearly thirty acres, and the frontages of indoor stands were said to aggregate about twenty miles. In London this year there

[Continued opposite.]



THE DRAPED WAY INTO THE WHITE CITY: CASEMENT CLOTH CONCENTRATING CONCEALED LIGHTING ON THE EXHIBITS BELOW
IN THE ENTRANCE-GALLERY TO THE TEXTILES AND FURNITURE SECTION OF THE B.I.F.

Continued.
were 1429 exhibitors, as compared with 1230 in the previous Fair, which had exceeded in size all its predecessors. The exhibition owes much to the interest of the Royal Family. Sir Edward Crowe, Comptroller of the Department of Overseas Trade, said recently: "The Queen is the Fairy Godmother of the British Industries Fair." Her Majesty was not content with a single visit, but devoted

several days to a thorough tour of the stalls, both at Olympia and the White City. Her visit to Olympia, with the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince George, and the Princess Royal, was illustrated in our last number. At the White City, on the following day, she was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. The Queen made a number of purchases.

PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY WILLIAM DAVIS.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A MASTER OF ARTS: SEYMOUR HICKS.

THE more one sees of Seymour Hicks, the more one feels that his art is maturing; not in the unpleasant sense of the word, but in its brightest aspect. He has always been a master of his craft, but latterly I found



THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION IN "THE PRINCESS IN THE CAGE," AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE: A REVOLUTIONARY APPEARS AT A PALACE WINDOW, THREATENING THE PRINCESS.

The story of "The Princess in the Cage" turns round a revolutionary leader (in a Capital City in Eastern Europe during the first quarter of the present century) who saves the Princess from the fury of the mob, takes her home, and there falls in love with her. Eventually his suit is accepted. In the end there is a counter-revolution, from which the happy couple escape with the help of a friend who impersonates the Princess and is confined to a convent. The play is translated from the French of M. Gaston Sorbets, by Mr. C. B. Fernald.

that all the parts he undertook were not worthy of his talent; he imbued them with a depth that impelled the reflection whether this great comedian should not take time by the forelock and essay a characterisation which would for all times impress his name on the roll-call of the British Drama. Some years ago he toyed with the idea to create Hamlet, and I personally implored him not to let it fleet, but to bring it to fruition. However, he was otherwise employed, and so his Hamlet remained in the world of *pia vota*.

I see him now distinctly in a character which on the surface seems alien to his nature, and yet, if you are familiar with your Shakespeare, you will feel that in his humour, his volubility, his versatility, his intensity, there lurks a possibly great Shylock. Not a Shylock of a certain tradition, a tragic figure, but a Shylock endowed with that sense of humour which is so peculiarly Semitic and which the Jews call "chein." Let me impress upon Seymour Hicks to devote study to this part before he leaps, and maybe he will feel inclined to express to me for this page pros and cons concerning my selection.

Meanwhile I would examine why Seymour Hicks is our greatest comedian, as Marie Tempest is our greatest comédienne. For one reason, their art, although apparently essentially British, is streaked and illuminated by a perceptible affinity to the art of the Latin races. Marie Tempest always conveys the impression of a perfect, grandiose, graceful Parisienne; and of Seymour Hicks I can only say that he is almost like a twin to Sacha Guitry. The same apparent nonchalance, the same volubility of movement and hands, the same lightness with which he flits through his part, the same intensity when he feels that his material is slackening and that the situation can only be saved by ubiquitous and rich gesture.

Take the latest play, "It's You I Want"—a mere *badinage*, a *jeu d'esprit* of a young author, Mr. Maurice Braddell, who has made good in the cinema world in Miss Leontine Sagan's film, "Men of To-morrow," and who has exploited all the tricks of the trade of the film, combined with a lightness of dialogue that flits across the stage like an arrow. There is no depth in this play, but there is an opportunity especially for the leading man, to conquer the audience by the insinuation of his diction and the complete man-of-the-worldliness of his gesture. Seymour Hicks, hunting for an opportunity, saw in this little comedy that it contained all the elements which have rendered him so dear to our public, to any public before which he has appeared. See him helping

a woman into her mantle—it is almost an embrace; see him kissing her and gently preparing the approach to the *accolade*; see him simulating anguish when one of the many husbands appears at inopportune moments of love-making and, is ready to raise Cain. Seymour Hicks, just as cool as a cucumber, treats him like a casual visitor, exhibits no manner of excitement, but tames the roaring lion with the suavity of his way and the courtliness with which he turns the *cocu magnifique* into the gentle lamb. Such moments are adorable, and I would fain say that many of his hearers would give a fortune if they possessed the same facility of dealing with a difficult situation.

And why is he so popular and attractive to every woman he meets?—simply because he is the lover *par excellence*—a little of a charmer, a little of a Tartarin, a little of a he-man. He handles his mistresses like the most skilful juggler demonstrating his craft. You never know what he has up his sleeve, but you do know that, whether a woman is angry or love-lorn, he will create the same effect. They may seem to be irreconcilable, yet with a few velveteen movements of his hands, a few gentle words whispered in the nape of the neck, an *effleurance* of a kiss, anger vanishes, attraction supervenes.

Another peculiarity is that when he is at a loss for a word, and the prompter would seem required to fill in the *lacune*, he skilfully masks the loss of memory by a gesture or a few words invented on the spur of the moment which have really nothing to do with the case, but, adroitly applied, hit the mark even better than the dialogue of his author.

Often I have heard it said: "How is it that Seymour Hicks bewitches both men and women alike?" and I think I have given the answer to this question. There is something in him of a clown, something of a *grand amoureux*, something of a sardonic humourist, but above all there is that mystic charm which cannot be explained, but which can only be felt: namely, his personality. Some men and some women enter a room and it would seem as if the whole atmosphere turns from tepidness to brightness; some actors, like Seymour Hicks and Marie Tempest, appear on the stage and monotony becomes like a city in illumination. Thus these



BEATRIX THOMSON AS PRINCESS MARIE-MARGUERITE: AN ACTRESS WHOSE HANDLING OF A DIFFICULT PART HAS BEEN ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED.

"THE GLASS WALL."

The religious conflicts involved in mixed marriages between men and women of differing faiths provide Miss E. M. Delafield with the subject of her narrative, "The Glass Wall," at the Embassy. In her play, "As Others See Us," she had already demonstrated her sense of the theatre, and again she shows how admirably she can state her case. There's the rub! For this involves both a credit and a criticism. The nature of the theme is one which, if it falls out of drama, must inevitably drop into provocative argument, and Miss Delafield does not wholly succeed in preserving the detachment and the tone which give distinction to her exposition. So the play follows a rather chequered and uneven course, falling away towards the end—a conclusion that, while it is theatrically effective and moving, melts in the fires of analysis. The father—a sailor drawn as an admirable though somewhat stiff-necked character, and one commanding respect for his integrity—takes a mistress after his wife's death. It is not a convincing action, and is out of key with the knowledge we have of his temper and attitude, though admittedly it underlines the central core of the play—the need for human

affection. But, after all, this incident is of secondary importance, and to overstress it would be to give a false valuation to what is a play of many virtues. There are structural weaknesses, too, for I feel that the history of ten years is too long a span to cover the crisis of the adolescent history which belongs to Stella, the central character.

But, concentrating on the characterisation of Stella and the Reverend Mother, we have two portraits drawn with rare beauty and compelling interest. It is a difficult task to depict with the truth the first springs of youthful passion without defiling the fountain, and it is here that Miss Delafield has accomplished much. There are passages full of beauty and understanding, of intuitive insight and delicacy. We have the girl's adoration—for it is little less—of the Reverend Mother of the convent where she is at school. Then, too, we have the sincerity of purpose and the relentlessness of fanaticism pursued so gently yet strongly by the nun, who sets out to persuade the child that she has a vocation. Against this we have a glimpse of the human affection that trembles on the edge of romantic love for the shy youth who, alas! is a Protestant as rigidly as she is Catholic. The nunnery has a coldness and detachment that in the end grow intolerable. Stella, having made the sacrifice, now knows her mistake, and when the Reverend Mother informs her that she is being transferred, and the girl is faced with the utter isolation of her situation, the spiritual crisis through which she passes results in the breaking of vows.

The scene is poignant and gains strength from the lovely playing of Miss Marda Vanne and of Miss Mary Casson. Here the structural weakness flaws the play, for too swiftly we are transported back to Stella's home, and the dramatic moment when the soul of the tortured child should have been searched with revealing light is wasted. But we are made to feel the girl's pathetic loneliness, her inability to restore contacts, as though the glass wall of convent life still surrounded her, her aching desire to love something and be loved. These emotions are sincerely described in dialogue that is natural and sensitive, and the pathos rings true. The play has many other touches of keen observation and sharp character—particularly that of the fussy, self-opinionated, aggressive suburban wife, and the kindly, obedient, though mildly protesting Sister Dominic. But it stands or falls on its power to make us share the conflict and the pathos of the relationship between the Reverend Mother and Stella. And in this Miss Delafield, despite her handicaps of approach and method, and despite her failure fully to explore the moment which marks the apex of the action, does not fail.

"WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE."

Mr. John Parker, the ever-active secretary of the Critics' Circle, is to be heartily congratulated on the coming-of-age of his monumental volume, "Who's Who in the Theatre." Since its first issue in 1912 the book has grown from 775 to 1900 pages, covering biographical details of actors, managers, authors, critics, scenic artists, and designers in Great Britain and America, and the new edition contains also information as

"THE PRINCESS IN THE CAGE," AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE: REGINALD TATE AS JEAN THIBAUT, THE REVOLUTIONARY LEADER WHO SAVES PRINCESS MARIE-MARGUERITE FROM THE FURY OF THE MOB AND TAKES HER HOME.

two eminent artists have become immensely popular favourites and harbingers of the joy of living.



THE REVOLUTIONARY'S PASSION FOR THE PRINCESS: THIBAUT KNEELS TO PRINCESS MARIE-MARGUERITE, AND TELLS HER THAT HE LOVES HER; SHE RETORTS BY TEARING HIS HAIR.

to the activities in the kinema of all whose names appear in its pages. A more comprehensive survey of matters pertaining to the World of the Theatre it would be impossible to imagine. The book is a veritable gold-mine.



PERHAPS A MERVEILLEUSE: "A YOUNG GIRL"—BY DAVID.

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID is remembered as having been a serious painter if ever there was one. To most he is the creator of the "Oath of the Horatii"—or of such stirring scenes as the "Distribution of the Eagles" and "Napoleon's Coronation." He was the evangelist of austere classicism in French art; a school that magnified the importance of pure line and correctness of drawing; serious painters who chose "big" subjects. But in the picture reproduced here the stern republican, the protagonist of simplicity, is seen responding to a more frivolous mood. The smiling, untidy creature whom he has caught so deftly with quick strokes of his brush, and with so little sophistication, almost seems to anticipate some of the visions of the impressionists—or, perhaps, looking backwards—is reminiscent of Mme. Vigée le Brun in a rather careless moment. Some have suggested that the coquettish young lady may be one of the *Merveilleuses*—the fashionable ladies of the Directoire period. Their style was at least classical in origin—like that of the good David, himself an unimpeachable follower of Robespierre. This picture was shown in the "French Exhibition" at Burlington House last year. It measures 29 by 18½ inches.



THE PEACOCK THRONE OF PERSIA: AN "ARABIAN NIGHTS" MYSTERY.

Mystery veils the story of the Peacock Throne of Persia. So far as its origin is concerned, it might almost be ranked with the semi-mythical wonders of the "Arabian Nights." It has the accumulated richness, the direct, unashamed ostentation, that outshines vulgarity; it is almost physically overpowering by sheer wealth and variety of glitter. But whether it was lowered from the heavens or raised from the nether regions or fashioned by a hired jeweller from Germany, history—at present—does not relate. In the seventeenth century, in 1665, M. Tavernier, French jeweller to a number of Indian princes, described the original

Peacock Throne at Delhi. In 1739 Nadir Shah carried it to Persia. Besides the modern throne, in the Gulistan Palace, illustrated on this page, there is another, which is said to contain parts of the famous Mogul original (which was inlaid with six million pounds' worth of rubies, emeralds, and pearls). Lord Curzon, we learn, discovered that a modern throne had been made from the broken remains of the world-famous original. He proved, however, that the throne that went by the name of the Peacock Throne in his time was no older than the reign of Fath Ali Shah (that is, early nineteenth century).

BRITAIN'S WORST BLIZZARD FOR MANY YEARS: REMARKABLE SNOW SCENES.

A SNOW BLIZZARD of exceptional severity, the worst in the British Isles for many years, occurred on the night of February 24. South Wales and parts of Yorkshire suffered especially from the heavy snowfall. Many villages and farm buildings were completely isolated, and roads were rendered impassable, while there was extensive interruption of telegraph and telephone services. In South Wales hundreds of poles were broken down, and in some places the roads were littered with fallen wires. On the north Yorkshire moors, road traffic was stopped, owing to the deep snowdrifts. The south of England was also affected by the blizzard, particularly Kent. Both there and in the north, as well as in Wales, numbers of sheep and lambs had to be rescued from the snow.

ON A ROAD NEAR CARDIFF FESTOONED WITH FALLEN TELEGRAPH WIRES: A BUS-DRIVER LIFTING A BROKEN WIRE OVER HIS VEHICLE.



SOME OF ABOUT THREE HUNDRED MOTOR VEHICLES, INCLUDING A LIVERPOOL COACH, SNOWBOUND ON MOORS AT STANDEDGE, IN YORKSHIRE.



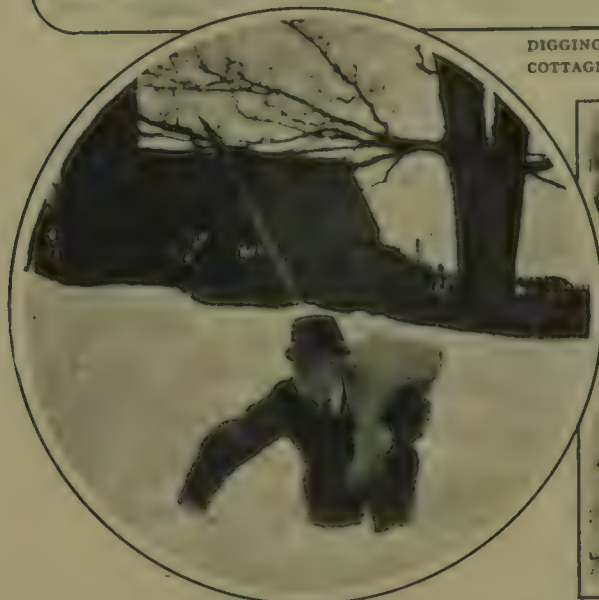
AN AIR VIEW OF FARM BUILDINGS IN WALES SURROUNDED BY DEEP SNOWDRIFTS, WHICH ISOLATED MANY VILLAGES.



DIGGING SNOW FROM A BURIED COTTAGE NEAR TOW LAW, IN CO. DURHAM.



CLEARING A ROAD FROM SNOWDRIFTS BETWEEN DOVER AND FOLKESTONE.



HEAVY GOING FOR THE POSTMAN AT FIMBER, NEAR FRIDAYTHORPE (ONE OF MANY YORKSHIRE VILLAGES ISOLATED BY SNOW).



A KENTISH FARMER NEAR WROTHAM RESCUING HIS LAMBS BY DIGGING THEM OUT OF THE SNOWDRIFTS: A COMMON EXPERIENCE ALSO IN WALES AND YORKSHIRE.



RESCUING A SNOW-BOUND SHEEP NEAR FRIDAYTHORPE, BETWEEN YORK AND BRIDLINGTON—AN INCIDENT DURING THE BLIZZARD.

"AND THE FLOODS CAME": EFFECTS OF RAPID THAW AND RAIN AFTER THE RECENT SNOW BLIZZARD.



RIVERSIDE BUILDINGS AT MAIDENHEAD HALF-SUBMERGED AND IN DANGER OF BEING SWEEPED AWAY: A REACH OF THE THAMES, SWOLLEN BY THE MELTING OF THE SNOWS AND SUBSEQUENT HEAVY RAIN.



MOTORING UNDER DIFFICULTIES ON THE KINGSTON BY-PASS: TWO CARS SPLASHING THEIR WAY ALONG THE ROAD, FLOODED IN PLACES TO A DEPTH OF SEVERAL FEET.



FLOODS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF GUILDFORD CAUSED BY THE OVERFLOWING OF THE RIVER WEY: WATER COVERING A ROAD THAT RUNS BETWEEN THE COTTAGES AND THE TREES HERE SHOWN.



FLOODS IN GUILDFORD: THE SCENE IN THE HIGH STREET, WHERE THE WATER IN THE LOWER PART WAS AT ONE TIME FOUR OR FIVE FEET DEEP IN SOME PLACES, AND NO TRAFFIC COULD PASS THROUGH.



FLOOD CONDITIONS IN BATH AFTER THE THAW: THE WHOLE OF A SQUARE COVERED WITH WATER THAT REACHED AS FAR AS THE DOORS OF THE SURROUNDING HOUSES.

The rapid thaw which followed the great snow blizzard of February 24 (incidents of which are illustrated on page 299), and was itself followed by heavy rain, caused serious floods in many parts of the country. In the Thames Valley, the river rose several feet above its usual level, and overflowed low-lying land. In some places, as at Maidenhead, buildings were half-submerged and in danger of being swept away; and many bungalow



AT WINDSOR BRIDGE: A POINT WHERE THE THAMES ROSE FOUR FEET ABOVE NORMAL LEVEL, FLOODING PART OF THE CASTLE GROUNDS AS WELL AS THE ETON PLAYING FIELDS AND THE GOLF COURSE AT DATCHET.

dwellers in the upper reaches found their homes surrounded by water and had to use boats. At Windsor Bridge, on the 27th, the Thames was 4 ft. above normal. Parts of the private grounds of Windsor Castle were flooded, while the playing fields of Eton College and the Datchet golf-course were under water. Similar conditions were caused in Surrey by the overflowing of the river Wey, which rose 6 ft. above the normal height for this time of year.



FLOODED LAND IN SURREY SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOVE SEND, NEAR WOKING, SHOWING HOW THE WEY BURST ITS BANKS AND SPREAD ITS WATERS OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE.

Between Guildford, Godalming, and Weybridge, and in the neighbourhood of Woking, large tracts of land were under several feet of water. In Guildford the low-lying parts of the town were flooded and the water in the High Street was in places four or five feet deep, so that no traffic was able to penetrate. The floods at Byfleet, also due to the Wey bursting its banks, were described as the most serious within living memory. Water entered the

basements of houses, and the Surrey County Council provided lorries to act as ferries. The floods also affected the motor-racing track at Brooklands and the landing-ground at the aerodrome. Floods were likewise experienced in parts of the West Country, and motorists were warned by the Automobile Association that roads were under water in places between Bath and Salisbury. Our photographs are typical of many similar scenes elsewhere.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

OUT of Oxford have come many dominant people in politics, religion, philosophy, and literature. Especially in politics, that University might be said to emulate the Kingdom of Barataria, where—

Prime Ministers and such as they
Grew like asparagus in May.

Many of them began their career as President of the Union, a cradle of British statesmen. It does not necessarily follow, however, that what young Oxford thinks to-day will be the national policy to-morrow, for the budding orator's opinions may be modified by time and responsibility. Nevertheless, some stir was naturally caused by the Union's recent vote against fighting "for King and country." Without a full report of the debate, I am uncertain whether the result was a gesture of pacifism or of subversive politics. The supporters of the motion might conceivably be prepared to fight for something else. If the vote merely expressed hatred of war, and a desire to prevent its recurrence, that surely is a common purpose to-day, with which many soldiers (such as the late Sir William Robertson) have been in sympathy. If that was the object of the motion, it was unfortunately worded, but not out of accord with prevailing aspirations. Possibly the phrase "fighting for King and country" may be used facetiously among undergraduates as a bright synonym for aggressive militarism. If, on the other hand, the motion had any revolutionary intent, the case is altered. More light on these questions is needed to estimate the true significance of the incident.

Patriotic Oxonians of an elder day need not, so to speak, throw a fit of the dark blues, but rather take comfort in contemplating their Alma Mater's glorious past. As an antidote to any such depression, I can recommend "Oxford." Its Place in National History. By Sir John A. R. Marriott. Honorary Fellow (formerly Fellow) of Worcester College; sometime M.P. for the City of Oxford. With eighteen illustrations (Clarendon Press and Humphrey Milford; 6s.). The author, who writes "in the spirit not of a critic, but of a lover," and has served the University for nearly forty years, was well qualified for his task, and his manner of performing it could hardly be excelled. Sir John Marriott tells the story of Oxford through the ages in a succinct but lively style both instructive and enjoyable. His account of the Tractarians has a topical interest in view of the centenary of the Oxford Movement, originated by Keble's sermon on "National Apostasy," preached in the University Church on July 14, 1833.

Whatever the undergraduate of to-day may feel about fighting, there is no question of Oxford's answer to the call in 1914. "When war was declared," we read, "the University sprang to arms: Oxford was converted into a camp and a hospital. . . . Of Oxford graduates and undergraduates, no fewer than 14,561 are recorded in the *Oxford University Roll of Service* as having served in the military and naval forces of the Crown during the War. A terribly large proportion of them gave their lives for their country." And what of post-war Oxford and its outlook? "Oxford," says Sir John Marriott, "has become, in every sense of the word, a national institution, open to both sexes, to all classes, to every creed. . . . The human material is as good as it ever was, or better."

Touching, in conclusion, on that "great human document," the will of Cecil Rhodes, Sir John contrasts his "robust faith" in the future of Oxford as "the nursing mother of an imperial race," with Matthew Arnold's pessimistic though affectionate allusion to "the home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties." Here arrive two new studies of the Empire-builder—"CECIL RHODES." By William Plomer, (Peter Davies; 5s.) and "CECIL RHODES." By J. G. Lockhart (Duckworth 2s.). These excellent little

books do not pretend to be complete biographies. Mr. Plomer's aim is "to give some slight outline of his career and beliefs, and to discover, by dealing critically with recorded facts, what kind of man this great man was." It is no indiscriminating eulogy, but shows keen penetration and candid criticism. The foundation of the Rhodes Scholarships is recorded in some detail, with critical comments on their general results. It is even more interesting, I think, to trace in Rhodes's early life the origin of his devotion to Oxford. At seventeen he was sent out to Natal for his health, and worked on his brother's farm. "Rhodes," we read, "at that time had quite made up his mind to go sooner or later to Oxford . . . and he believed, as he put it later, that . . . wherever you turn your eye—except in science—an Oxford man is at the top of the tree." (As a Cantab, I cite this dictum for what it is worth!) At twenty, in 1873, he returned to England and matriculated at Oriel. After keeping his terms at odd times, in the intervals of mining and Empire-building, he eventually took his degree when nearing the age of thirty.

Another notable new volume in the same series of short memoirs is "St. AUGUSTINE." By Rebecca West. With Frontispiece (Peter Davies; 5s.). The author modestly puts forward her work as "a simple account of Augustine's personal life and background." As might be expected, she brings to her task those qualities which have given her distinction in other forms of literature. It is seldom, I should say, that patristic biography has been presented in so readable a manner.

Turning now to three books concerning ancient Greece, I am reminded of stanzas quoted by Sir John Marriott from "The Testament of Beauty," by Robert Bridges. Apostrophising Oxford, the poet says—

There is none holier, not the lilled town
By Amo, whither the spirit of Athens fled,
Escap't from Hades to a less renown
Yet joyful to be risen from the dead.

For the modern traveller seeking to recapture the Greek spirit among ruined monuments that enshrined it, first-rate guidance is provided (though not in the narrower sense of a guide-book) in "GREECE AND THE ÆGEAN." By Ernest A. Gardner, Litt.D. (Camb.), Emeritus Professor of Archaeology in the University of London. With a Preface by Sir Rennell Rodd, and a chapter on Constantinople by S. Casson. With thirty-two illustrations (including Coloured Frontispiece), four Maps and Plans (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). For a summary of this alluring book, which makes me long to board a luxury liner bound for an Ægean cruise, I could hardly better the considered estimate of Sir Rennell Rodd—that Mæcenas of Odyssean research in Ithaca. "Such a volume," he says, "as long residence in Greece and his own profound scholarship have enabled Dr. Gardner to compile . . . (interprets) the spirit of classical Greece without rendering it necessary to carry thither a library of reference." To me, the most poignant allusion, but all too brief, is that relating to the island grave of Rupert Brooke in Scyros—

Alas! what dreams lie here! What songs unsung!
What soul-fruit all ungarner'd!

What Dr. Gardner has done, as a modern Pausanias, for Greece in general, is done for her most famous city, on a more extended scale, in "THE TALE OF ATHENS." By Ellen S. Bosanquet. With fourteen illustrations and two End-Paper Maps (Methuen; Wayfarer Series; 7s. 6d.). As a classical "die-hard," I find this well-written work quite fascinating. The author's aim is historical as well as descriptive, and she carries the tale from legendary to modern times. One passage, on the tragedy of the Sicilian expedition, has a curious personal interest for me. "Even as a child," she writes, "it hurt one to read of the destruction of the Athenian fleet in the harbour of Syracuse. I know one boy who made it bearable by imagining that at the critical moment a British cruiser had miraculously turned up, and one shot from its 16-inch gun had turned the scale for Athens." Now, that was almost exactly my own reaction to the story, when, at school, I wrestled with the involved sentences of Thucydides (or, as we called him, Thicksides). In waking dreams I imagined myself possessed

of magic power, which I exerted to save the Athenians. There were no 16-inch guns in those days, however, and the war-ship I brought on the scene was not a cruiser, but more probably one of the old-time frigates such as I loved in Kingston's tale of "The Three Midshipmen."

Remembering my one-line part, as a Phææan graybeard in Euripides his "Alcestis," given at Uppingham Anno Domini 1892, I have been much engrossed by Ellen Bosanquet's chapter on the Athenian theatre, and especially the behaviour and vicissitudes of the audience, much the same as nowadays, as described by Theophrastus. This is my cue for a stage "aside" on "THE ORESTEIA OF ÆSCHYLUS." Agamemnon, Choephoroi, Eumenides. The Greek text as arranged for performance at Cambridge, 14 to 18 February, 1933. With an English verse translation by J. T. Sheppard, Vice-Provost of King's College

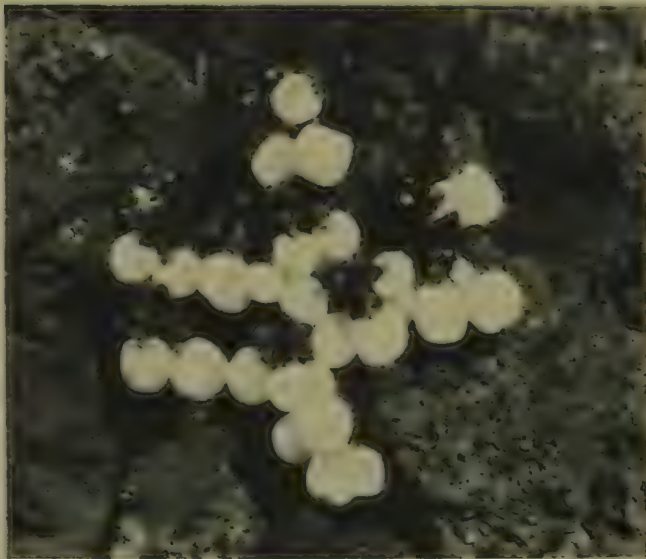
(Cambridge University Press; paper covers; 3s. 6d.). Text and translation side by side, clearly printed as here, make an ideal form for reading the classics. It prompts me to renew my rather sketchy acquaintance with old Æschylus. He has his lure, indeed, for the ordinary modern reader. He liked a really good murder, though his approach differed, say, from that of Edgar Wallace. There was no mystery or detective ingenuity; the killer operated within hearing and almost within sight of the audience, who were then given a view of the gory remains. The dramatist's interest was rather in the moral, religious, and philosophical aspect of the crime, and its enshrinement in verse of Cyclopean grandeur. There are points of affinity between "Agamemnon" and "Macbeth," and the description of the chain of beacon fires announcing the capture of Troy finds a modern parallel in Macaulay's "Armada." The "Eumenides" contains a glowing apotheosis of Athens, through the voice of her guardian goddess. C. E. B.



THE VOLCANO LONQUIMAI, IN SOUTH CHILE, DURING ITS ERUPTION IN JANUARY: A STREAM OF BOILING LAVA POURING FORTH AND COVERING THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

As mentioned on the opposite page, volcanoes of South Chile burst into new eruption on January 7; but, owing to the low density of population in the neighbouring districts and to the distance of the volcanoes from any large settlements, less damage was done than in the similar outbreaks last year.

Whether or not the fighting spirit is on the decline at Oxford, the spirit of adventure and exploration is more marked, both there and at Cambridge, than it was in my undergraduate days, now alas! some forty years ago. A few weeks back I was reviewing a record of enterprise in the Arctic led by a young Cambridge explorer, the late H. G. Watkins. Now comes a tale of kindred activities originated at Oxford, and describing similar experiences; that is, "THE ISLE OF AUKS." By Nicholas Polunin. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 10s. 6d.). This is a personal record based on the author's diary, which he kept as a member of the Oxford University Expedition of 1931 to Akpatok, an unexplored island of the American archipelago, uninhabited except by sea-birds and polar bears. The author's straightforward narrative of day-to-day happenings, in a wild and desolate region, unites the freshness of actuality with cheerful humour. Like the story of the Greenland expedition, however, it has a tragic element, for one member of the party—the author's friend Mr. Christopher d'Aeth—lost his life through exposure to a blizzard. As long as Oxford continues to produce men who can meet danger and hardship as these did, there need be no fear of her failing in the hour of national peril.



A CHILEAN BERRY FLOWER (*MUTILLA BLANCA*) GROWING FROM LAVA THAT WAS STILL WARM ON THE SIDE OF MT. LLAIMA: AN ASTONISHING NATURAL PHENOMENON.

The photographer who found this flower growing from the cooling lava erupted from Llaima shovelled away the snow from around it in order to take his picture. It is one of unusual interest, for there was never seen a stranger flower-bed.

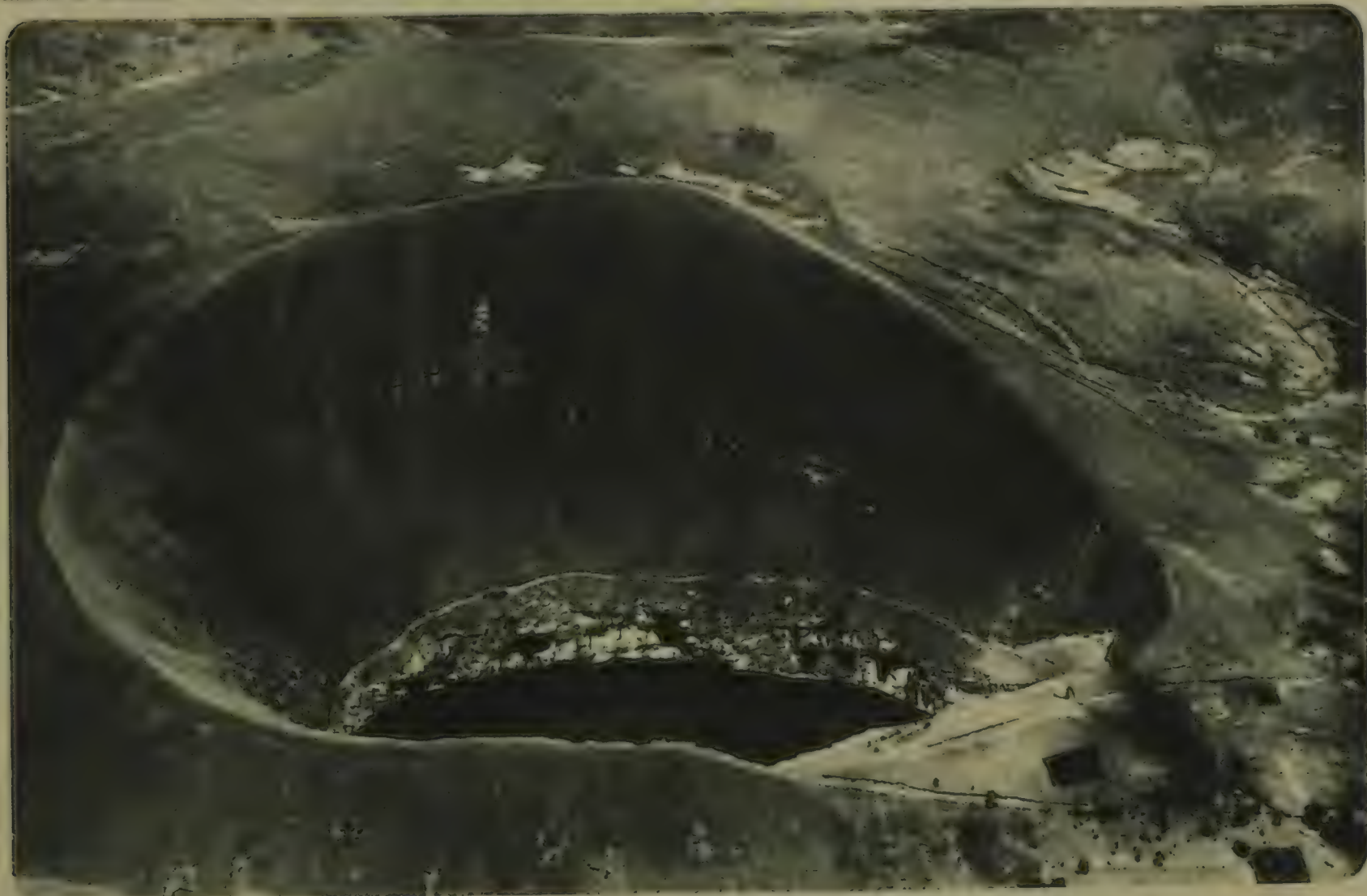
VOLCANOLOGY: AN ACTIVE SNOWY PEAK; A "WAILING" CRATER LAKE.



THE VOLCANO LLAIMA, IN SOUTH CHILE, IN ERUPTION: THE ACTIVE, SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN, WHICH IS TEN THOUSAND FEET HIGH.

In the spring of last year there began a great outbreak of volcanic activity among the Andean peaks. Much havoc was caused in town and country in many parts of South America; and a rain of volcanic ash, carried by the wind, descended on neighbouring districts, forming deep drifts like snow, and even reached parts of Brazil and Argentina hundreds of miles from the scene of the disturbances. The most serious eruptions, as recorded and illustrated at the time

in "The Illustrated London News," occurred in April; but that did not mark the end of volcanic activity in the Andes. It persisted to an abnormal extent throughout the year, and was recently intensified in an area south of that which suffered most last spring. The volcano Llaima poured forth a mass of molten lava on January 7, and eruptions followed from Lonquimal, Tolhuaca, Villarica, and Calbuco. Further photographs are on the opposite page.



THE "WAILING" LAKE IRITRIVA, AT THE BOTTOM OF AN EXTINGUISHED CRATER OF THE ANKARATRA RANGE, IN MADAGASCAR: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM ONE OF A SQUADRON OF FRENCH MILITARY AEROPLANES.

Lake Iritriva is one of many deep-set lakes, lying at the bottom of extinct volcanic craters, in the mountainous eastern slopes of Madagascar. From it rise, according to a native legend, the wails of lovers who have committed suicide by hurling themselves in, though in this instance, no doubt, their lamentations were unheard above the roar of the aeroplanes' engines. The flight during which this photograph was taken was one of study and inspection over

some of the most inhospitable territory of Madagascar. To quote the "Encyclopædia Britannica": "From the coast-plains on the east the ground rises by successive ranges of hills to the high interior plateau. This elevated region, the edge of which is formed on all sides by cliffs several hundreds of metres in height, is broken in all directions by mountains, from which the crystalline rocks show most frequently as huge bosses."



A SITTING OF THE REICHSTAG: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE PARLIAMENT CHAMBER—THE SITTINGS-HALL—WITH THE PRESIDENT'S SEAT AND THE TRIBUNE; AND WITH BROWN-SHIRTED NAZIS SEEN ON THE LEFT.

FIRE broke out in the Reichstag, the famous Parliament Building in Berlin, soon after nine on the evening of February 27, and in about half-an-hour flames were seen spurting through the huge gilded-copper and glass dome. As we write, it would appear that the centre of the outbreak was in the wood-panelled

(Continued on right.)



THE CHANCELLOR, HERR ADOLF HITLER, AND CAPTAIN GÖRING, THE NAZI COMMISSIONER FOR THE PRUSSIAN MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR, IN THE BURNING BUILDING—LEFT TO RIGHT: HERR HANKE, SECRETARY TO DR. GOEBBELS; DR. GOEBBELS; HERR SCHAUB, HERR HITLER'S SECRETARY; PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM; HERR HITLER; HERR WINKLER, HERR HITLER'S BODYGUARD; CAPTAIN GÖRING (BLACK HAT).



SALVAGE WORK IN THE REICHSTAG: FIREMEN REMOVING FURNITURE FROM A WATER-LOGGED CORRIDOR.

THE BURNING OF THE REICHSTAG—A FIRE OFFICIALLY DECLARED



THE REICHSTAG BEFORE THE FIRE WHICH WROUGHT SO MUCH DESTRUCTION ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 27: THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING, BERLIN—BUILT 1884-1894, FROM THE DESIGNS OF PAUL WALLOT.

Parliament Chamber; but it is asserted that fire started in other places also. In any case, as our photographs bear witness, much of the building was ruined. Vigorous action followed; and an official proclamation issued on February 28 and signed by Captain Göring, the Nazi Commissioner for the Prussian Ministry of the Interior, will rank as one of the most remarkable documents of recent years, a statement whose challenging allegations will long be remembered. Denials and protests followed the publication of this, as might well have been anticipated, more especially as the elections to the Reichstag and the Prussian Diet are due to be held on Sunday next, March 5. It contained the following: "The police found in the Communist headquarters at Liebknecht House, Berlin, during the raid on Friday, instructions according to which Communist acts of terror should start on Tuesday throughout Germany, and general civil war should be let loose. . . . Soon after Captain Göring arrived at the scene of the Reichstag fire, he decided upon drastic measures, since an investigation proved beyond doubt that incendiarism was responsible. Tar products and torches were found in leather bags hidden in the Reichstag, while literature was distributed from the cellar to the top floor. . . . Through discoveries at Liebknecht House, a Bolshevik uprising has been frustrated. Nevertheless

(Continued below on next page.)



IN THE BURNT-OUT PARLIAMENT CHAMBER OF THE REICHSTAG: DEBRIS STILL SMOKING HOURS AFTER THE FIRE.

"A SIGNAL FOR SERIOUS DISORDERS." TO BE DUE TO INCENDIARISM.

THE REICHSTAG ON FIRE—SMOKE POURING FROM THE FAMOUS DOME AND THE WINDOWS LIT UP BY THE FLAMES.



THE REICHSTAG ON FIRE—THE FLAMES GLowing THROUGH THE GILDED-COPPER AND GLASS DOME; A BERLIN LANDMARK.



THE BURNT-OUT INTERIOR OF THE REICHSTAG: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING PART OF A ROOF THAT FELL IN DURING THE FIRE.



THE BURNT-OUT INTERIOR OF THE REICHSTAG: A SCENE OF DEVASTATION CAUSED, IT IS ANNOUNCED OFFICIALLY, BY INCENDIARISM.

[Continued] the blaze at the Reichstag was intended as a signal for the beginning of serious disorders timed for 4 a.m. to-day [February 28], including wholesale looting in Berlin. . . . It is further established that to-day was the date for the beginning of terrorism against the life and property of citizens." Other passages read: "Captain Göring orders the detention of deputies and functionaries of the Communist Party. The entire Communist Press is prohibited for four weeks, and the entire Social-Democratic Press is prohibited for a fortnight." One arrest was made in the building.



S. O. S.

The following appeal is by Mr. S. P. B. Mais, whose broadcast talks on unemployment have aroused so much interest: This man isn't lounging about because he likes lounging about. Look at his face. Those haggard eyes, slack shoulders, and drooping, dejected mouth are the outcome of months, it may be of years, of fruitless daily search for work. He is one of an army of three million who wander about in our midst like most unhappy ghosts, separated from the rest of us by a gulf that seems to them almost as final as death. Stunned by his failure to find work, the unemployed man's waking hours have become a nightmare of apprehension. He has to endure the agony of watching his wife lose, inch by inch, her courage and hold on life, and his children go short of food and clothes, and his home itself go to pieces before his eyes. Time that once was and still ought to be precious now hangs so heavily on his hands that he is totally at a loss how to make it pass at all, and his enforced leisure, instead of providing him with that opportunity for pleasure in creative effort, is slowly eating him up. There are already, as you see, signs on his face of physical and moral disintegration. His body is becoming flabby, his mind rusty. Soon he will sink into the coma of apathy from which the only outlet is the hell of blank despair. And then, when at last work comes his way again, by a final irony he won't be able to tackle it. Somehow, we have to devise means to keep his head up, to help him to use this new leisure in such a way that it may turn from a deadly evil to a positive good. Has it struck you that he can't afford

to pay for his children's, his wife's, or his own shoes to be repaired? Has it struck you that he can't afford to pay for repairs to his broken chairs, tables, pots and pans? Has it struck you that he can't afford any new clothes for himself or any of his family? Or underclothes or blankets? He is not asking you to give him these things. It would undermine his self-respect if you did. He doesn't want charity. He resents it, exactly as you would. He has not sunk so low. But there is no reason under heaven why he should not learn to repair or even make his household goods himself. He now has for the first time in his life the time to do so. All he needs is a central club or workshop where he may have access to tools, instruction, and the facility to buy leather and wood and material at the cheapest possible rate. In these clubs—and I have seen hundreds of them—the unemployed find precisely what they most need, companionship, happiness, and pride in achievement. I cannot, you cannot, solve the problem of unemployment, but that surely does not absolve us from the duty of easing the lot of the unemployed man as far as we can, and your job and mine is to do two things—(1) to see that every town and village has these workshops going at once; and (2) to become members of them ourselves. The unemployed are no more a separate class than are those ticket-holders in a sweepstake who fail to draw a prize. The lucky ones are in work. The unlucky are out. It may be our turn not to draw a prize next time. But whether we're in work or not, we still remain members one of another.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE DUTCH BATTLE-SHIP "DE ZEVEN PROVINCIEËN" (RIGHT) JUST AFTER THE BOMB WHICH ENDED A MUTINY IN HER HAD BEEN DROPPED ON HER DECK.

In our issue of February 18 we gave an account of the astonishing naval episode in the Dutch East Indies, where a Dutch battle-ship was seized by her native crew, and the mutiny ended by a 100-lb. bomb dropped from a Dutch seaplane. Here we are able to give photographs of the actual occurrence. The left-hand photograph was taken from the cruiser "Java," which

[Continued opposite.]



THE LONDON FUR EXCHANGE, THE FIRST IN THE WORLD: THE LORD MAYOR PERFORMING THE OPENING CEREMONY AT BEAVER HOUSE.

The world's first Fur Exchange was opened on February 22 by the Lord Mayor (Sir Percy Greenaway) at Strathcona Room, Beaver House, Garlick Hill, E.C., the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. The importance of the fur trade is indicated by the fact that each year there are handled in London furs to the value of about £12,000,000—mainly musquash, beaver, Canadian fox, ermine, mink, skunk, squirrel, rabbit, mole, seal, otter, and Persian lamb.



THE NAMEPLATE OF THE "EMDEN," GIVEN BY AUSTRALIA TO GERMANY—AND MR. BRUCE, WHO MADE THE PRESENTATION TO PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG.

One of the most romantic episodes of the war was recalled on February 27, when Mr. Bruce, the Australian Minister in London, presented to President von Hindenburg, on behalf of the Government of Australia, the nameplate of the German light cruiser "Emden," destroyed by the Australian light cruiser "Sydney" in 1914. The nameplate, as President von Hindenburg said in his reply, is now to have a place of honour on the new cruiser "Emden."



THE RECORD-BREAKING 5340-MILES NON-STOP R.A.F. FLIGHT: THE EARL OF CLARENDON CHATTING WITH SQUADRON-LEADER GAYFORD AT CAPE TOWN.

As noted in our issue of February 18 (under a double-page diagrammatic illustration of the long-range monoplane), the long-distance record, previously held by Messrs. Polando and Boardman, of the U.S.A., was gained for Britain by the magnificent flight of the special Falrey (Napier-engined) monoplane piloted by Squadron-Leader O. R. Gayford and Flight-Lieut. G. E. Nicholetts. They left the R.A.F. aerodrome at Cranwell, Lincolnshire, at 7.15 a.m. on February 6, and landed



"DE ZEVEN PROVINCIEËN" AFTER THE MUTINY IN HER HAD BEEN ENDED BY A BOMB FROM A DUTCH SEAPLANE—AN ARROW SHOWING WHERE IT FELL.

[Continued.]

led the squadron sent in pursuit of the mutineers; on the left is seen the Government steamer "Orion," then the mine-layer "Gouden Leeuw," and on the right "De Zeven Provinciën." The final death-roll from the bomb reached twenty-three, three Dutch and twenty natives. According to an official report issued after the mutiny, the bomb that struck the battle-ship was intended as a warning shot and hit the ship by mistake. It was dropped from about 4000 ft.



THE STATE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY TO EGYPT: KING VICTOR EMMANUEL DRIVING WITH KING FUAD IN CAIRO.

Paying the first State visit made by a foreign sovereign to Egypt since the opening of the Suez Canal, their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy arrived at Cairo on February 20, and were met by King Fuad. This photograph shows the two Kings on their way to the Abdin Palace. The welcome accorded to their Majesties was tumultuous and very indicative of the present pro-Italian feeling in Egypt. Their visit returns that paid by King Fuad to Italy in 1927.



THE R.A.F. FLIGHT TO SOUTH AFRICA: SQUADRON-LEADER GAYFORD (LEFT) AND FLT-LIEUT. NICHOLETTS RECEIVE CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES.

at Walvis Bay (South Africa) at 4.40 p.m. on February 8 after a non-stop flight of 5340 miles. Very strong head-winds had retarded their progress. At Walvis Bay they were greeted by the cheers of an enthusiastic crowd which had gathered to welcome them. Later they left Walvis Bay for Cape Town in the long-distance machine. They covered the last 800 miles in seven hours. Colonel Creswell, Union Minister of Defence, welcomed them there on behalf of the Government.

JAPANESE ACTION IN JEHO: THE FAR EASTERN STORM CENTRE.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY DOUGLAS MACPHERSON.



THE SCENE OF FIGHTING BETWEEN CHINESE AND JAPANESE FORCES: A PICTORIAL MAP SHOWING THE DISPUTED PROVINCE OF JEHO, WITH THE LINE OF THE JAPANESE ADVANCE.

It was announced on February 26 that, following on their occupation of Kailu, combined Japanese and Manchurian forces had launched long-projected operations for bringing the Province of Jehol under control of Manchukuo (Manchuria), which claims it as part of its own territory. According to reports from Tokyo, the Japanese were then driving all before them, while their aircraft harried the Chinese retreat. Japanese columns, it was stated, were converging towards Chihfeng, where the main body of Chinese, under Tang Yu-ling, Governor of Jehol, was concentrated, while another Japanese force struck westward from a point north-east of Shanhaikwan, to threaten the line of retreat of Chang Hsueh-

liang's troops at Lingyuan. From Peking it was reported that the Chinese intended to hold at all costs the vital passes of Lingyuan and Chihfeng, leading to Chengteh (Jehol City), the capital of the province. The military positions at these places, it was added, had been bombed by Japanese aeroplanes, and Kailu was in flames after repeated bombing. Later news from Tokyo stated that the Chinese were showing a stiffer front on the Chihfeng-Lingyuan line. Peking opinion expected the Japanese to be hampered by difficulties of *terrain* and bitter weather. The Chinese feared that, if thus checked, the Japanese might create a diversion by operations south of the Great Wall.

NEW DISCOVERIES AT HERMOPOLIS: GREEK AND GRÆCO-EGYPTIAN TEMPLES.



A TEMPLE DATING FROM THE FIRST CENTURY B.C. DISCOVERED AT HERMOPOLIS: THE BUILDING COMPLETELY EXCAVATED, WITH A STONE ALTAR IN FRONT.

ON these two pages we illustrate new and interesting discoveries made recently, in Egypt, in hitherto unexplored ground on the west of the ancient city of Hermopolis. The excavations were conducted by an Egyptian University archaeologist, Dr. Samy Gabr. He is reported to have unearthed whole streets, with buildings on both sides, and temples of the period from the first century B.C. to the second century A.D. One of the temples is Greek, with an altar,

[Continued below.



A PYRAMID-SHAPED TOMB DISCOVERED DURING THE EXCAVATIONS AT HERMOPOLIS: A BUILDING FOUND BY THE EGYPTIAN UNIVERSITY EXPEDITION.



THE NEW EXCAVATIONS AT HERMOPOLIS, TO THE WEST OF THE KNOWN PORTION OF THE SITE: A VIEW SHOWING (ON THE RIGHT) A RECENTLY DISCOVERED TEMPLE IN WHICH WERE FOUND COINS OF NERO'S PERIOD (37 TO 68 A.D.).



PART OF THE NEW SITE AT HERMOPOLIS AFTER DIGGING HAD COMMENCED: A TYPICAL SANDHILL (KOUH) IN COURSE OF EXCAVATION.

almost intact in front of it, while the other is an imposing Græco-Egyptian structure. There are pillared houses, some of them two storeys high, built of stone and brick, whose interiors are decorated with beautiful and well-preserved wall-paintings that show a remarkable knowledge of perspective and the value of light and shade. One painting (reproduced among our illustrations) represents Pluto, the god of the underworld, carrying off Persephone (or Proserpine). A Greek inscription found in one house shows that its owner was interested in

[Continued on next page, above.



UNEARTHING A TEMPLE OF THE FIRST CENTURY B.C.: THE SAME BUILDING AS SHOWN IN THE UPPER LEFT PHOTOGRAPH—HERE AT AN EARLIER STAGE OF EXCAVATION.

ANCIENT WALL-PAINTINGS FOUND AT HERMOPOLIS: A "RAPE OF PROSERPINE"; PILLAR AND MARBLE EFFECTS.



A WALL-PAINTING, WHICH REPRESENTED PROSERPINE BEING CARRIED OFF BY PLUTO, STILL PARTLY VISIBLE ON THE WALL OF A HOUSE SOME 2000 YEARS OLD, EXCAVATED AT HERMOPOLIS.



WALL-PAINTING IN IMITATION OF MARBLE AND PORPHYRY, AT HERMOPOLIS: AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE SHOWING A CORNER OF A ROOM THUS DECORATED.

breeding horses and had won races. The houses also yielded coins dating from the time of Nero (37 to 68 A.D.) containing 30 per cent. of gold. Previous excavations at Hermopolis, conducted elsewhere on the site by a German expedition, were illustrated in our issue of January 3, 1931. The discoveries then made included a temple of the thirteenth century B.C. and two colossal statues of Rameses II. In the late Dr. James Baikie's book, "Egyptian
(Continued below.



SHOWING AN EARLY TYPE OF LATTICE WINDOW: A TEMPLE DATING FROM THE PTOLEMAIC PERIOD RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT HERMOPOLIS, WITH SOME ELABORATELY CARVED CAPITALS.



WALL-PAINTING WITH A PILLAR EFFECT IN A NEWLY-DISCOVERED HOUSE AT HERMOPOLIS: AN INTERIOR CONTAINING ALSO TWO ACTUAL PILLARS RICHLY CARVED.



A STONE BED WITH A LARGE STONE CARVING OF AN OYSTER-SHELL PLACED IN A NICHE: AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY ON THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED SITE AT HERMOPOLIS.



DECORATIVE DESIGN FOR WALL-PAINTING AT HERMOPOLIS SOME 2000 YEARS AGO: A RESTORATION DRAWING BASED ON THE ACTUAL WALL-PAINTING ILLUSTRATED ABOVE.

Antiquities in the Nile Valley," we read: "About four miles west of El-Rôda are the ruins of the ancient Egyptian Khemennu or Khmunu, known to the Greeks as Hermopolis. It was sacred to Thoth, god of wisdom and patron of scribes, whom the Greeks identified with their own Hermes, whence the later name for the city. Hermopolis has proved a very fruitful source of papyri, perhaps only second to Oxyrhynchus in that respect. . . . Near the town is an ibis cemetery, where numbers of the sacred bird of Thoth were buried."



PEPYS—THE ADMINISTRATOR.

A. TERCENTENARY TRIBUTE TO THE AUTHOR OF THE IMMORTAL "DIARY" AND THE MAN WHO "RE-MADE, SINGLE-HANDED, THE ENGLISH NAVY."



By ARTHUR BRYANT, Author of "King Charles II."

Last week we published Mr. Arthur Bryant's article on Pepys—the Man. Here he deals with Pepys—the Administrator.

JUST over a century after Pepys's death—in the year of Trafalgar—a Royal Commission bore testimony to his life's work, speaking of him as a man of extraordinary knowledge in all that related to the Navy, "of great talents and the most indefatigable industry." That was before the publication of his Diary, when Pepys's fame was known to only a few scholars and naval historians. Twenty years later, when that amazing piece of self-revelation was made public, all previous knowledge of the man passed for nothing to a world which not unnaturally assumed that, as there was so much here, there was no more to be known. Accordingly, for a further century, when Pepys's name was mentioned, it was nearly always as naughty Mr. Pepys—the man who admired Lady Castlemaine's petticoats, flirted with Knipp, and took such a comical interest in his own clothes. A few students, of course, knew better; but only in the last decade, thanks chiefly to the unrelenting researches of the late Dr. Tanner, has anything approaching justice been done to the father of our naval administration. Even now the average member of the reading public has little conception of Pepys as anything but a comic philanderer. The third centenary of his birth offers an opportunity to lay a great misapprehension at rest.

Though Pepys never held any of the highest offices of State, it is quite conceivable that, had he never lived, England would still be, as it was when he was born, a second-class European power without an overseas empire. For the old school-book tradition that England had from time immemorial commanded the seas is not substantiated by history. In the year in which Pepys was born, villages on our southern coasts were still being raided by Algerian pirates, and as late as 1669 the entire naval force which an English Government thought necessary for the support of the King's honour in the Narrow Seas was—as Pepys himself sadly pointed out—one "sixth-rate" ship (equivalent to a modern gunboat) in the Downs, one "fourth-rate" at Portsmouth, and one "sixth-rate" off the Irish coast—and this at a time when both Holland and France were steadily increasing their fleets. England, in fact, was able to afford the luxury of not securing the freedom of the seas simply because her own fields could feed her people, a luxury which, it is as well to remember, is no longer within the legitimate means of an English statesman. Before 1660 there had only been two periods in our history when England had been feared at sea: in the astonishing years when Drake had defied the naval might of Spain, and in the even shorter space of time when Cromwell, by dint of unprecedented taxation and rigid discipline, had made the English Fleet the dominating factor in European politics. For the rest, since Henry VIII. had first established a regular naval establishment, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the chief function of the King's ships had been to provide estates for fraudulent contractors and corrupt officials.

With the Restoration, however, an attempt was made to set the Navy of England on a sound and enduring basis. A King who both understood the practical business of seamanship and loved the sea returned to the throne of his fathers; and his brother, the Duke of York, a prince with the tastes of an administrator, whose secretary, William Coventry, was one of the most able and conscientious men of his age, took control of the Admiralty. At the same time the Navy Office, the department responsible for manning and equipping the Fleet and carrying out the executive orders of the Lord High Admiral, was vested jointly in the hands of the four officers—Treasurer, Comptroller, Surveyor, and Clerk of the Acts—who from the time of Henry VIII. to the outbreak of the Civil War had administered the Navy, while three additional Commissioners were added with a roving warrant, thus embodying the administrative practice of both the royal and republican Governments. To all these posts men of long naval, and in one case military, experience were appointed. But there was one exception. The Commonwealth Admiral, Edward Montagu, who had brought the King over, used his influence to job a poor cousin of his own, a young man of twenty-seven, whose maritime

experience had been confined to two brief voyages, into the important office of Clerk of the Acts. This man, Samuel Pepys, was at once the only representative of the Commonwealth régime and the only purely civilian member of the new naval administration.

When Pepys entered upon his new functions, he was ignorant of almost everything that belonged to them. He knew enough to take £5 in silver wrapped in a piece of

paper from one suitor and "five pieces of gold and a silver can for my wife" from another, but that was all. Nor, it must be confessed, did he for the first two years of his tenure of office display much desire to know more. His chief use of his position was to reflect on his new-found importance—the foremost pew in church, or the fourposter bed all to himself when he visited abroad—and to enjoy the highly convivial companionship of his colleagues, Admirals Batten and Penn. For the rest, as he put it, "I did lie late abed."

But early in 1662 there came the first signs of change. The colleagues whose bacchanalian habits and social position had made them at first so attractive began to prove irksome, and their rather natural insistence on their superior experience and status galled the pride of the young Clerk of the Acts. In his isolation, he sought for ways by which he could show himself their equal. He had not far to look, for his fellow officers were anything but attentive to their business. "So to the office," wrote Pepys, "where I do begin to be exact in my duty there and exacting my privileges and shall continue to do so." It was the beginning of a new era in his life. For the work so embarked upon proved unexpectedly pleasant. "My mind in good ease," he added a month later, "when I mind business, which methinks should be a good argument to me never to do otherwise." Pepys had found his vocation.

It was not in his nature to do things by halves. Having resolved thenceforward to do his duty, Pepys set himself out to equip himself for its proper performance. In the summer of 1662 he was occupying his leisure moments by learning the multiplication table, listening to lectures upon the body of a ship, and studying the prices of naval stores: "Into Thames Street beyond the Bridge, and there enquired among the shops the price of tar and oil, and do find great content in it, and hope to save the King money by this practice."

At the same time, Pepys began his habit of making careful entries of all contracts and memoranda in large vellum books—beautifully ruled by Mrs. Pepys and her maids for that purpose—and of keeping copies of his more important official letters for future reference. Nearly a thousand of these, covering the years 1662-1679, are preserved in a folio volume, formerly in the possession of his representatives, the Pepys-Cockerells, and now, thanks to the foresight of Professor Callender, in the safe keeping of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, the place of all the world where one feels Pepys would have wished them to be. Selections from these letters were published some years ago by Dr. Tanner, and a further selection, hitherto unavailable to scholars because they were entered in shorthand, has now been transcribed by Mr. Chappell for publication. Many thousands of other letters are among the Rawlinson MSS in the Bodleian, besides the great naval collections of his later life which Pepys left to his old college at Cambridge.

Pepys's service to the Navy falls into four clearly marked periods: the first from 1662 (his twenty-ninth year) to 1673, when, as Clerk of the Acts, he was obtaining his unrivalled mastery of naval administration; from 1673 till his unmerited political disgrace during the Popish Terror in 1679, when, as Secretary to the new Admiralty Commission he was the real ruler of the Navy; from 1684 to 1688, when, by almost superhuman efforts, he purged the Fleet of the corruptions which, during his retirement, had all but destroyed it, and set it firmly on the road which led to the naval supremacy of England in the next two centuries—to Quiberon, Trafalgar, and Scapa Flow—and finally, the last fifteen years of retirement, when he was busy collecting and arranging that vast depository of sea manuscripts—*Navalia*, as he called it—which he would, had death not prevented him, have enshrined in the greatest of naval histories, and of which the prologue, under the title of "Memoires of the Royal Navy," was published in his lifetime.

At the end of this all too-short fragment, Pepys defined the qualities which the Navy required from those who served it: "that integrity, and general (but unpractised) knowledge are not alone sufficient to conduct and support a Navy so as to prevent its declension into a state little less unhappy than the worst that can befall it under the want of both; that not much more, neither, is to

(Continued on page 326.)

Thomas Shelton's Tachy graphy.

	Grammaticus	Examples	Arbitrarius and Contractions.
a	A	are; at	A among; A ab. ob.; A about; A again
b	I	being; insured	b bo; b at; b ble; b ap
c	I	care; care; clock	c because
d	I	done; do; day	d to, do; d do; d do; d now
e	I	ever; enable	e effect; e either.
f	I	friend	f from; f favour
g	I	give; get	g give; g great.
h	I	have; had; has	h humble.
i	I	him; is	i ho. co. ho; i ho. co. u; i ho. co. u; i then than
j	I	interest; into; instead	j interest; j into; j instead
k	I	know	k here; hear; k it; k lication.
l	I	letter; lady	l char; char; char; l self; l now; l love.
m	I	much	m per; par; m; m at; those; d sub; d crew;
n	I	night; next	n any; n any; n able; able; n all, at.
			n even; n on; n on, one, own; n only;
			n new; n think; n mind; n ment;
			n not; n they; n long.
o	I	out; ought; home; often	o am; o over; o feet; o other; o us; o so. as.
p	I	pray; please	p pray; p please
q	I	acquaintance	q acquaintance
r	I	re; r; order	r regard; r more; r on; r trouble.
s	I	see; s or s at	s answer; s to; s serve; s mill; s col; s so.
t	I	tell; till	t time; t hand; t life; t believe; t see; t see.
			t life; t pap; t people; t particular; t our.
u	I	use; usage	u use; u usage
v	I	very; leave; ver.	v very; v leave; v ver.
w	I	was; want	w was; w want
x	I	with; worse	x with; x worse
y	I	you; your; yard	y you; y your; y yard
z	I	much; such	z much; z such
sh	I	ship; should	sh ship; sh should
th	I	thence; thank	th thence; th thank
			th which; th when; th what; th where; thance;
			th world; th account; th sent; th send; th come; th come;
			th Mr; th Mr; th goods; th this; th suff; th thy; th ur; th why
3	I	being; coming	3 being; 3 coming
E	I	for; therefore	E for; E therefore
V	I	signs of punctuation.	V signs of punctuation.

THE SYSTEM OF SHORTHAND USED BY PEPYS WHEN WRITING HIS DIARY: THOMAS SHELTON'S "TACHYGRAPHY."

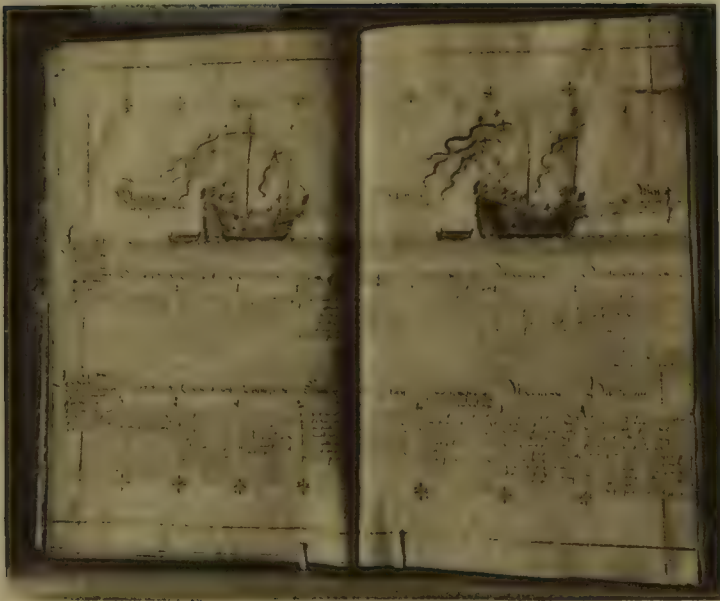
Shelton first published his system in 1620. Ten years later he had amended it, and he issued "Short-writing. The most Exact method. By Thomas Shelton, Author and Professor of ye said art." His still later work, used by Pepys, was published in 1641, under the title, "Tachygraphy. The most exact and compendious methode of short and swift writing that hath euer yet been published by any.—Approved by both Vniuersities." It is quite possible that Pepys made himself familiar with this shorthand while at Cambridge. In conjunction with it, he used varieties of his own invention.

Reproduced from "The Diary of Samuel Pepys." Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George Bell and Sons.



THE IMMORTAL PEPYS'S DIARY—"SIX PRICELESS SHORTHAND VOLUMES." Reproduced from "The Diary of Samuel Pepys." Edited by Henry B. Wheatley. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. George Bell and Sons.

TERCENTENARY MEMORIES OF PEPYS— “THE FATHER OF OUR NAVAL ADMINISTRATION.”



A GIFT TO SAMUEL PEPYS FROM CHARLES II.: THE ROLL OF THE NAVY MADE FOR HENRY VIII., IN 1546, BY SIR ANTHONY ANTHONY—TWO PAGES, SHOWING (LEFT) DRAKE'S SHIP, THE “JESUS OF LÜBECK.”



A GIFT TO SAMUEL PEPYS FROM JAMES II.: THE KING'S GAMING TABLE, SO CONSTRUCTED AS TO BE EQUALLY AVAILABLE FOR CHESS AND BACKGAMMON, WITH CHESSMEN MADE OF WHITE AND GREEN-TINTED IVORY, AND DRAUGHTSMEN OF WHITE AND BLUE-TINTED IVORY.



WHERE PEPYS WAS BURIED: ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET—A WATER-COLOUR BY GEORGE ROBERTSON, SHOWING THE OUTSIDE STAIRCASE WHICH PEPYS USED TO REACH THE NAVY OFFICE PEW IN THE GALLERY.

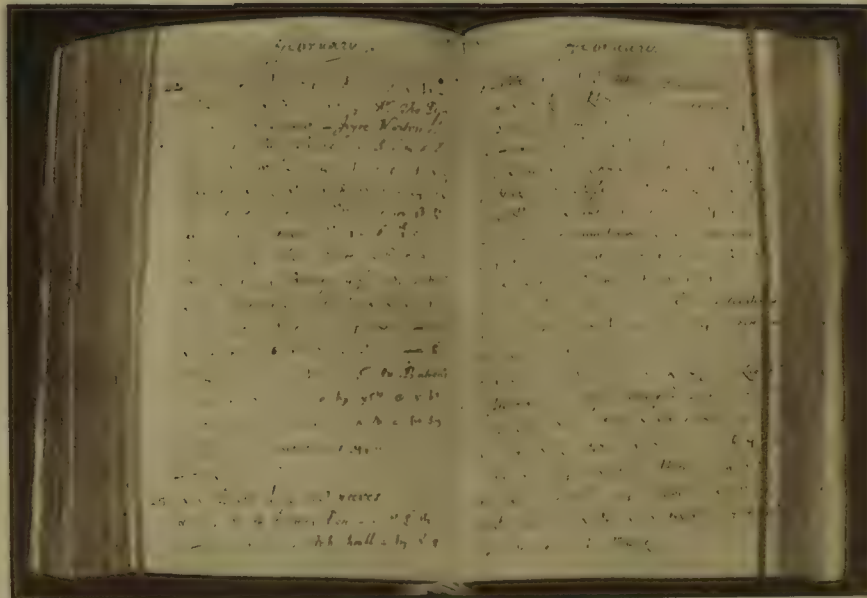


THE BOOK-PLATE PLACED IN EACH VOLUME OF THE PEPYS COLLECTION AT MAGDALENE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE: AN ENGRAVING FROM KNELLER'S PORTRAIT OF PEPYS, WITH HIS SUPERSCRIPTION AND MOTTO.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF “PEPYSIANA”: THE LIBRARY AT MAGDALENE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, WHERE PEPYS WAS A STUDENT, AND TO WHICH HE BEQUEATHED HIS BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS.

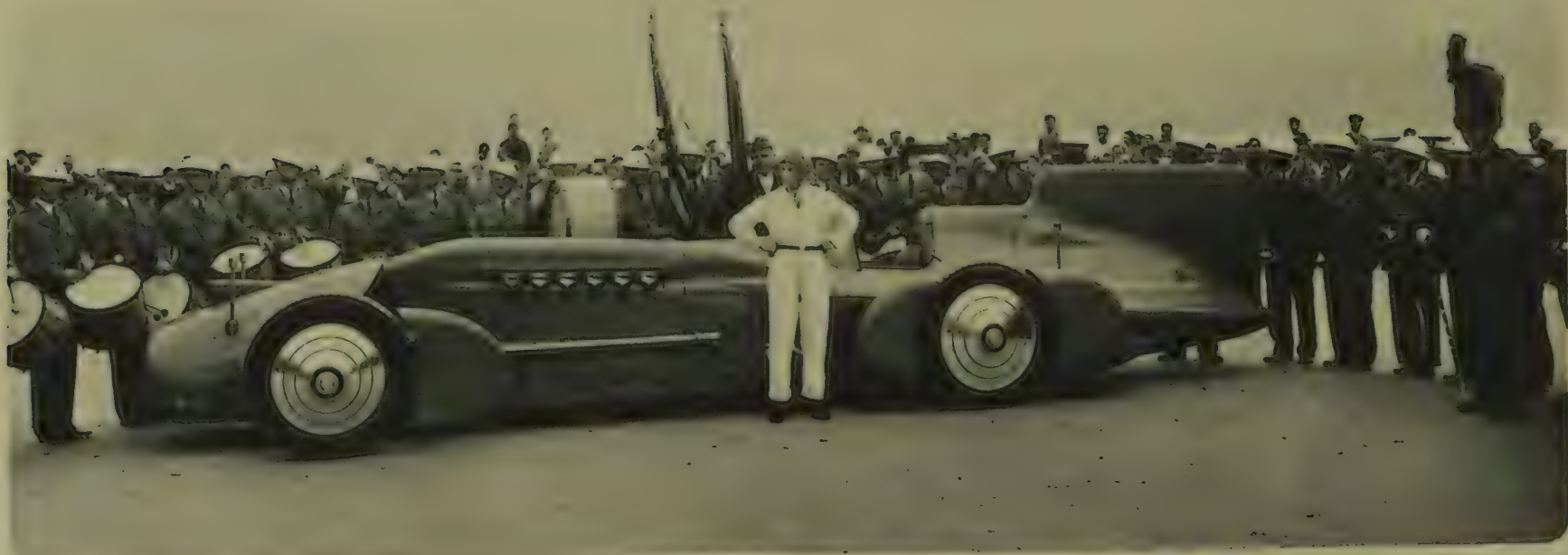
The tercentenary of Pepys's birth (on February 23, 1633) was observed in our last issue by Mr. Arthur Bryant's first article, now followed by that given opposite, setting forth the Diarist's public title to fame, as “the father of our naval administration.” Regarding St. Olave's, Hart Street (London, E.C.3), we read in that charming book, “The City Saints,” by M. V. Hughes: “If you stand in the pulpit you are practically in the exact spot where his (Pepys's) pew in the old gallery was situated. The vestry too is shown you as ‘where Pepys quarrelled with the Rector after the service.’ . . . We have to bear in mind how much he did for the recovery of our navy. The gratitude of the nation was demonstrated



THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE DIARY OPEN AT THE ENTRY ON PEPYS'S TWENTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY (FEBRUARY 23, 1661) AT THE FOOT OF THE LEFT-HAND PAGE: SHORTHAND WITH OCCASIONAL WORDS IN LONGHAND.

at his burial in St. Olave's Church, in 1703, a most impressive ceremony. A memorial to him was unveiled in 1884 by James Russell Lowell, the American Ambassador, and every year a commemorative service is held in the church.” An interesting reference to St. Olave's occurs in the Diary, on June 6, 1666, describing news of a naval victory over the Dutch being passed round from pew to pew during service. The entry of February 23, 1661 (reproduced above in facsimile) begins: “This my birthday, 28 years. This morning Sir W. Batten, Pen, and I did some business, and then I by water to Whitehall, having met Mr. Hartlibb by the way at Alderman Backwell's.”

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



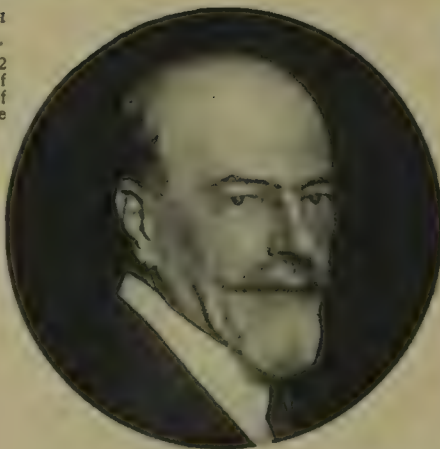
SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S RECORD-BREAKING RUN AT DAYTONA: THE FAMOUS ENGLISH RACING MOTORIST WITH HIS CAR, "BLUE BIRD"—AND AN ENTHUSIASTIC AMERICAN BAND.

The chief features of Sir Malcolm Campbell's record-breaking run at Daytona on February 22 will be known to our readers. He drove his car, the "Blue Bird," at an average speed of 272.108 m.p.h. This British motoring triumph was followed by a remarkable demonstration of American sportsmanship and goodwill. A mad rush was made towards the champion as he climbed out of "Blue Bird"; women kissed him; and the band played "Rule, Britannia" and "See the Conquering Hero Comes."



THE MANCHURIA QUESTION AT GENEVA: DR. YEN, THE PRINCIPAL CHINESE DELEGATE, SPEAKING AT THE FATEFUL ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE.

At the special Assembly of the League of Nations on February 24, when the Japanese withdrew (as illustrated on our Front Page) over the adverse vote on the Manchurian question, M. Hymans, the President, first called upon Dr. Yen to speak (before Mr. Matsuoka). Dr. Yen is a great linguist and made the most of his command of English in an impassioned harangue. His speech was largely a reiteration of the Report of the Committee of Nineteen.



THE GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

Brother-in-law of the late Tsar. Died February 26; aged sixty-six. Husband of the Grand Duchess Xenia. His son, Nikita, was chosen legitimate "Emperor of All the Russias" in 1929.



PRINCESS THYRA OF DENMARK.

Former Duchess of Cumberland; mother of the former Duke of Brunswick. Died February 26; aged seventy-nine. A sister of Queen Alexandra, of the Empress Marie, and Frederick VIII. of Denmark.



THE MOST REV. DR. J. C. WRIGHT.

Archbishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia. Died February 24; aged seventy-one. Went to Australia, 1909 (soon after his appointment as Archdeacon of Manchester), as Archbishop of Sydney.



MR. OLIVER STANLEY.

Appointed Minister of Transport, February 23; following the resignation of Mr. Pybus. Formerly Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Home Affairs. Younger son of Lord Derby, M.P. for Westmorland.



LIEUT.-COL. WATTS-MORGAN, M.P.

Labour Member for Rhondda East. Died February 23; aged sixty-five. Chairman of the Welsh Labour Party. Served in France, 1914-1918, rising from private to be Lieut.-Colonel; and winning D.S.O.



MR. W. DOBBIE.

Elected M.P. (Labour) in the by-election at Rotherham on February 27. He had a majority of 15,874 over the Conservative candidate, Mr. H. Drummond-Wolff. The Conservative majority at the last election was 762.



DR. C. A. BARBER.

Well known for his researches in tropical agriculture. Died February 23; aged seventy-two. His investigations dealt largely with parasitism in green trees and with the morphology and classification of the sugar cane.



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS.

The veteran comedian. Died February 27; aged eighty. Played Weasel in "Nell Gwynne" and Capt. Crosstree in "Black-Eyed Susan" at the Alhambra, 1884; and Gentleman Joe.



GENERAL O'DUFFY.

An official announcement in Dublin on February 22 stated that General O'Duffy was removed from the office of Chief Commissioner of the Civic Guard. Col. Edward Broy was to succeed him.



V-8 LUXE FORDOR SALOON, COMPLETELY EQUIPPED, £275, AT WORKS, DAGENHAM

“Money is Not Everything!”

Commonly used sententiously, those words can speak encouragement, because until you have tried, personally driven, the V-8, you really do not know how lofty a degree of motor-car performance you can buy for so little as the price of a V-8.

Engine, clutch, gear-box (with synchronised change and silent constant-mesh and second-speed pinions), steering, suspension, brakes . . . All really first-rate! Galvanic acceleration, permitting a healthy average *without* excessive maximum speed. Perfect controllability all the while, and everywhere. But . . . Money *not* being everything, try the V-8 and then consider its price, with even the costliest of bodywork. Seven body-types, priced (completely equipped) from £230, at Works, Dagenham.



A postcard will secure for you a copy of the V-8 catalogue, describing and illustrating a really remarkable motor car.



F O R D M O T O R C O M P A N Y L I M I T E D
 Dagenham, Essex (Rainham 300—25 Lines) • Showrooms: 88 Regent Street, London, W.1 (Regent 7272—15 Lines)



EVERYBODY'S

Favourite

"BLACK & WHITE"

A COMET'S IMPACT ON THE EARTH DISCOVERED BY AIR PHOTOGRAPHY?

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS.



THE EFFECT OF COLLISION WITH A COMET OR A VAST SHOWER OF METEORS? GIGANTIC "CRATERS" REVEALED
IN PART OF AN AERIAL MOSAIC MAP OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Here is one more example of the wonderful aid rendered to science by aerial photography, which often discloses features of the earth's surface not visible, or barely perceptible, on the ground. The air photographer's contributions to archaeological discovery are well known. The above photograph is concerned rather with geology and meteorology. It forms a section in a mosaic map of Horry County, South Carolina, composed of photographs taken from an aeroplane

by Dr. F. A. Mellon. The gigantic craters revealed, some of them over $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, are believed to have been caused by the impact of a comet, or a vast meteoric shower, about a million years ago. A similar phenomenon, known as Meteor Crater, in the Arizona Desert, was illustrated in our issue of December 20, 1930, with air and ground photographs. On June 30, 1908, a giant meteor fell in north-eastern Siberia, devastating hundreds of square miles.

KIBI—THE JAPANESE WHO OUTWITTED THE CELESTIALS: A MEDIAEVAL SCROLL OF HIS ADVENTURES IN CHINA.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE

BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.



THE JAPANESE ENVOY TO CHINA, WHOSE LEARNING SO HUMILIATED THE CHINESE THAT THEY IMPRISONED HIM: KIBI ESCORTED ON HORSEBACK TO THE TOWER.

The mediaeval scroll-painting, accompanied by Japanese texts, from which these six episodes are reproduced, illustrates Kibi's legendary adventures in China. Kibi went to China as an envoy in 752, and there his accomplishments and intelligence so humiliated the Chinese that unwilling to offend hospitality by sending him or sending him home, they decided to imprison him in a tower. Here is shown Kibi, distinguished by his black full-sleeved robes, being escorted to imprisonment. A civil official in front points severely towards the tower. A military official rises in his stirrups and seems to threaten Kibi. Behind follow attendants, busy relating the events that have just passed.

HOW KIBI GOT FULL MARKS IN HIS "VIVA", ACCOMPANIED BY A DEMON, HE OVERHEARS THE CHINESE SCHOLARS READING ALoud FROM THE WEN HSIEN.

A friendly demon, the spirit of a previous Japanese envoy, aids Kibi to escape for one night from his tower. They go together to the Imperial Palace, and Kibi overhears the Chinese scholars reading the texts in which he is to be examined. The next day he was able to pretend that everybody in Japan knew the Wen Hsien well. Some of the columns in the painting seem to pierce the figures. This is because the figures were the first part to be completely painted; the colours for the architecture were applied over them.



KIBI, TO THE RIGHT OF THE TREE, PLAYING THE GAME OF WAR—WHICH HE WON BY SWALLOWING ONE OF HIS OPPONENT'S PIECES.

The Chinese hoped to defeat Kibi at the game of war. So they sent their most skilled player, but Kibi stole one of his pieces and swallowed it, and so won. The Chinese suspected Kibi, and made him take a dose of the Karoku's cathartic, but just as he was about to discharge the piece, Kibi performed some magic and did not do so. To the left of the tree is Kibi again, now partly undressed, with the cathartic potion before him. Further on other Chinese are looking for the missing piece.



The mediaeval Japanese scroll from which these episodes are taken is now in the possession of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The Museum Bulletin says: "The importance of this recent acquisition cannot be overstated. Paintings like this

which belong to the Yamato or Japanese native school have always been scarce, and at the present day most of them have become National Treasures in Japan." The scroll of Kibi's adventures in China belongs to the late twelfth century, the

THE CHIEF CHINESE SCHOLAR ARRIVING, ATTENDED, AT KIBI'S TOWER, TO EXAMINE HIM IN LITERATURE: A TRIAL FROM WHICH, AS ALWAYS, KIBI EMERGED TRIUMPHANT.

The Chinese thought: "Let us make Kibi read some composition, so that we can laugh at his mistakes." They therefore decided to examine him in the Wen Hsien, a monumental Chinese work in thirty volumes. On the right the chief scholar is seen approaching the tower on horseback; on the left he stands at his feet. A servant behind him bears the scrolls of the Wen Hsien. But Kibi had learnt of their intention, and had spent the whole of one night preparing his subject; he was thus able to astonish his examiner.



KIBI HAVING BREAKFAST IN HIS TOWER: CHINESE SERVANTS PREPARING FOOD AT THE BOTTOM, WHILE OTHERS SERVE IT TO HIM AT THE TOP.

Outside stand two officials, surprised that Kibi has survived his first night in the tower. They did not realise that the demon who lived in the tower, though normally malevolent, would not harm Kibi, since the demon was once a Japanese envoy himself, called Aoe no Nakamaro. Kibi had secured himself of the demon's friendship by telling him how his descendants were dying in Japan. The demon was so delighted at the information that thereafter he did all he could to help Kibi circumvent the wiles of the Chinese.

A GROUP OF CHAMBERS AND SERVANTS ASLEEP OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL GATE DURING THE CONFERENCE AT THE PALACE.

Night scenes are common in this scroll. A scene very similar to this occurs in the first section, but the artist's imaginative fertility allows them to vary the treatment. Here the oxen rest unharmed near their carriages, and the Chinese slumber from their riders. Their attendants recline against the shafts of a pavilion, while sprawling and bent on a couch, one awaked stretches out an arm and scratches it. This scene does not fit the story, but is a good example of the quiet humour that pervades the whole scroll.



beginning of the Kamakura period, and has been traditionally ascribed to Kasuga Munenaga, the most outstanding artist of that stimulating time. More probably, however, it was the work of some contemporary. "It is a major work," says the

Museum Bulletin, "painted on paper with strong colours and measuring over 81 ft. in length by some 12½ inches in width. . . . It has the highest qualities of the most original school of painting in Japan when that school was at its greatest."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SOME REMARKABLE BACKBONES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IN the course of the widespread search I am making for evidence of the effects of Use and Disuse—which some aver have no place among the agencies of evolution—I have come across some very striking facts which should convince even the most obstinate

take great delight in showing to the easily fascinated crowd its extraordinary resistance to weight and pressure. After the usual hubbub of various invocations, a full-grown man, weighing some 160 lb., steps barefooted on the shrew. . . . Trying to balance himself on one leg, he continues to vociferate for several minutes. The poor creature seems doomed. But as soon as his tormentor jumps off, the shrew . . . tries to escape, none the worse for this mad experience. . . ."

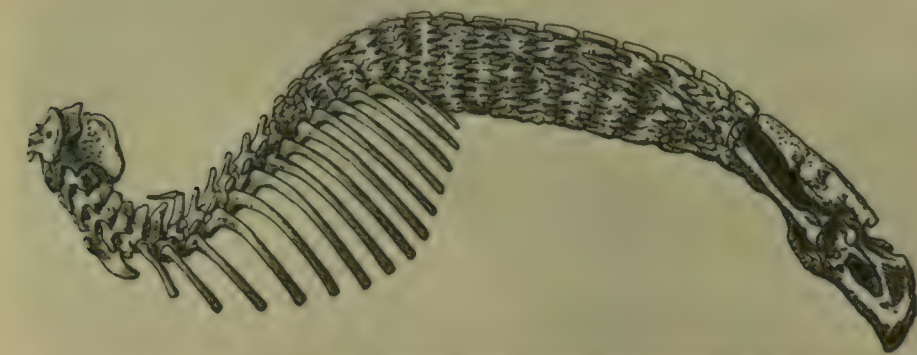
And now let us take note of this amazing spine, for such, indeed, it is. As will be seen in Fig. 1, from the middle region of the ribs backwards it gradually assumes the form of a great cylinder, broken up into segments, and that each

its food above ground. But no small part of it may have to be obtained by driving a passage under stones and heaving them up by the leverage of this back. This, however, is only guesswork.

Scutisorex, the "hero-shrew," was first described by the late Mr. Oldfield Thomas from a skin and skull sent to the British Museum (Natural History) in 1913. It was not until the spoils of an expedition dispatched to the Congo for the collection of natural history specimens by the American Museum of Natural History a few years later came to be examined that whole specimens, preserved in spirit, were available. The good fortune to make the astonishing discovery revealed by this backbone fell to the late Dr. J. A. Allen, a member of the Museum staff, and at present no such remains are to be found in any other museum. His description and his series of carefully prepared drawings (one of which is reproduced here) admit of no doubt as to the facts just cited.

Since certain information concerning the mode of life of this animal is as yet wanting, some may demur at attributing the singularities here described to the effects of "Use." What other reasonable explanation is there? When they come to be compared with the facts now to be described, the "sweet reasonableness" of my contentions will become apparent.

We are, indeed, on firm ground when we turn to the vertebræ of the sail-fish (*Histophorus*) (Fig. 3)—one of the "sword-fishes." This creature I described at length a year or two ago on this page, pointing out that the "sword" was not used for lancing whales, as is popularly supposed, but is an outcome of the intensive "stream-lining" which the body has undergone in response to the stimuli set up by the violence of its movements through the water. The body is driven forwards by the lateral movements



1. ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY CASES OF VERTEBRAL DEVELOPMENT KNOWN TO NATURAL HISTORY: A DRAWING OF THE VERTEBRAL COLUMN, OR "SPINE," OF THE HERO-SHREW OF WEST AFRICA. SHOWING THE VERTEBRÆ, FROM THE REGION OF THE HINDER RIBS TO THE HIP-GIRDLE, FORMING A SERIES OF SEMI-CYLINDRICAL INTERLOCKING SEGMENTS.

The vertebræ of the hero-shrew (*Scutisorex*), from the region of the hinder ribs backwards to the hip-girdle, form a series of semi-cylindrical interlocking segments, by the outgrowth of bony deposits from the sides of the vertebræ—which otherwise are no larger than in ordinary shrews. Nothing is known of this creature (which is about 8 or 9 inches in length) that will account for such an astonishing development.

After the Drawing by the late Dr. J. A. Allen, American Museum of Natural History.

that Lamarck and his work must come again into the arena of discussion among the champions of the evolution theory. He injured his case, as so many have done since, by trying to explain everything by this one agency.

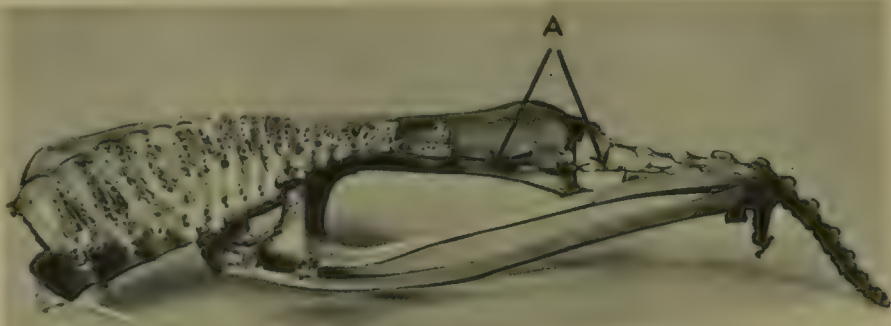
This comes of the enthusiasm which is inspired when some probably long-familiar structure is suddenly seen as from a new angle. But what is a perfectly legitimate deduction in some particular case is not the key to the riddle of all our mysteries. Natural selection, embryology, palæontology, and Mendelism have each, in their turn, held the position of the Golden Calf. Even now it seems impossible to persuade these enthusiasts that no single factor has been or is the driving force of evolution. Each of these has held the proud position of an "ism": and without doubt each of these has played and is playing an important part in moulding the bodies of plants and animals; but no one of them, as I say, is to be regarded as the factor at work.

In collecting and sifting my notes I have found some extraordinarily interesting facts, some of which, however, are by no means easy to interpret until we can obtain further evidence from living animals studied in their natural haunts. One example of this kind is furnished by a West African shrew (*Scutisorex conicus*), which has developed a backbone such as is to be found in no other living mammal.

The shrews, as a tribe, as everyone knows, are a feeble folk; but this particular species, measuring between eight and nine inches in length, can support the weight of a heavy man without the slightest injury. The creature has long been regarded by the natives as one of the marvels of nature on this account. They call it by a name which, being translated, means the "hero-shrew." They believe that if its body be eaten, or any part thereof worn as an amulet, they will thereby be rendered almost invulnerable from the onset of any wild beasts which they may be hunting. And, indeed, there is some truth in this belief, since, with all sense of fear inhibited, the hunter will be in little danger of losing his nerve at critical moments, and will have no disturbing factor spoiling the balance of his sense of "awareness" when it is most needed.

The late Dr. J. A. Allen tells us that the natives, "when they have a chance . . .

segment is interlocked with its neighbour by means of tooth-like processes. They look, in short, like cog-wheels "in mesh." They are not really rings, but only half-rings, so that when the spine is seen from the under-surface this region has the form of a trough. This exuberance of growth from the sides of the separate vertebræ, we must assume, has developed in response to some persistent and vigorous stimulation shared by both sexes, and throughout life. It must have acquired its peculiarities by some such agency. There are no "freak" developments, at any rate of this kind, in nature. But this is not all. For the number of lumbar vertebræ has increased from the normal five to eleven. But, though this conclusion seems inevitable, we have, as yet, no information as to the precise mode of life of this creature, though from evidence of food-remains obtained from the stomach it finds



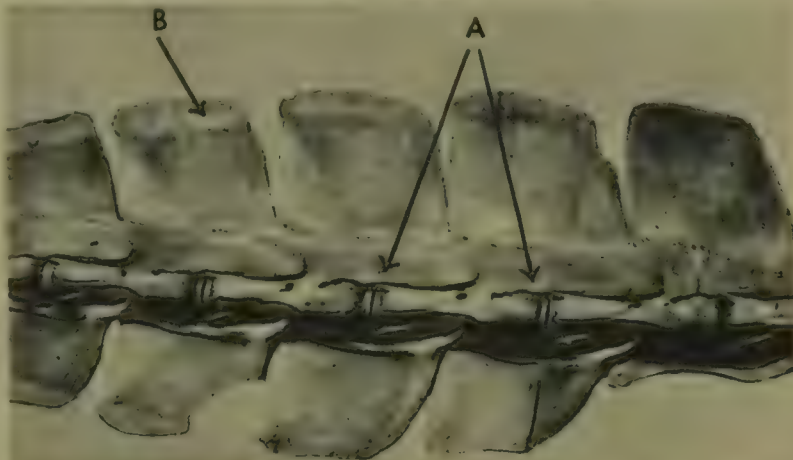
2. THE ONLY KNOWN CASE OF A DISCONTINUOUS VERTEBRAL COLUMN: THE PELVIS OF THE RHEA, WITH ITS LEFT SIDE REMOVED, SHOWING THE VESTIGES OF THE "ISCHIAL" VERTEBRÆ (A) WHICH HAVE COME TOGETHER IN THE MEDIAN LINE, SO AS TO CUT OFF THE BODY CAVITY FROM THE BACKBONE, AND THEREBY BECOME DEPRIVED OF ALL MOVEMENT.

As can be seen in the illustration, the caudal or tail vertebræ of the rhea (unlike the ischial vertebræ) are of normal size.

of the spine, and so great are the strains set up that the vertebræ have, in consequence, assumed an elaborate interlocking mechanism formed by beam-like projections, or "buttresses," from the neural and hæmal arches. These grip between them the great flat upstanding neural plate, so that the strain of the violent side-to-side undulations of the body is distributed over the whole vertebral column. Here, indeed, is a case of increased development by use.

In the South American ostrich, or rhea, we have another mystery. It stands alone, I believe, in having a discontinuous vertebral column. For some inexplicable reason, what are known as the "ischial" bones have come together in the median line so as to cut off the body cavity from the backbone: and this has apparently brought about the degeneration of the vertebræ in this region, but they reappear immediately behind the pelvis, where once more they have free movement. From lack of use, these vertebræ within the pelvis, or hip-girdle, have degenerated to mere shadows of their former selves.

What can have induced this strange modification of the pelvic bones we cannot even guess at. For the mode of walking and running in the rhea presents no differences from that of the emu or of the African ostrich. But it is quite clear that, as movement between the several vertebræ in the hinder pelvic region of the rhea became more and more restricted, so these, in proportion, became more and more degenerate. The caudal vertebræ are also degenerate as compared with those of birds which fly.



3. THE "BUTTRESSED" SPINE OF THE SAIL-FISH: THE GREAT FORWARD PROJECTING PLATES (A), EACH ONE GRASPING THE UPSTANDING "NEURAL-SPINE" (B) OF THE VERTEBRA IN FRONT OF IT—AN EFFECT OF THE VIOLENT SIDE-TO-SIDE MOVEMENTS OF THE SPINE IN DRIVING THE BODY FORWARD AT SPEED.

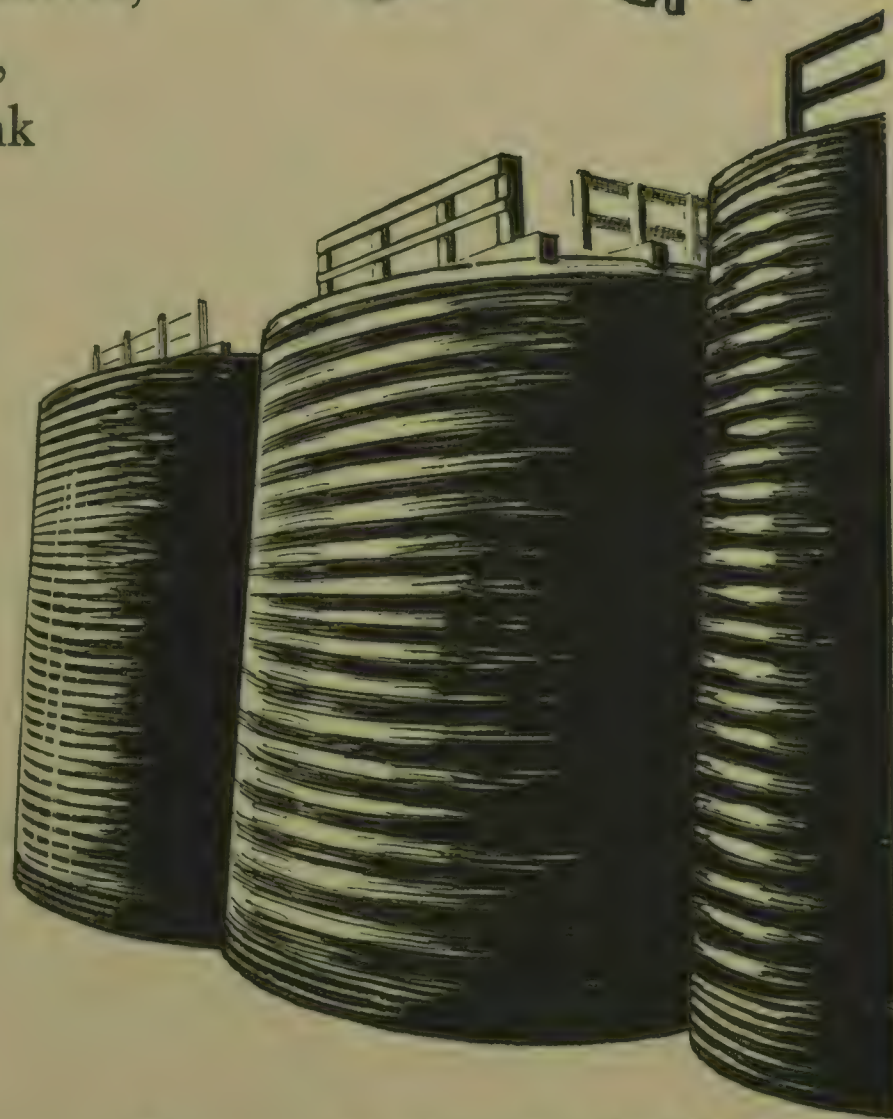
What next?

When I was young and had no sense,
On lollipops I spent my pence,
Which Nurse would often confiscate
And murmur as she crunched and ate
“Poison for Jack, for Jill is food;
“What’s bad for you, for me is good.”

When I was older grown and wiser,
And quit of cruel Nurse Eliza,
Instead of sweets, it came to pass
I purchased Guinness by the glass.
Soon by the case I had to buy it,
To give my friends a chance to try it.

With bottled Guinness I’ve no quarrel,
But now I get it by the barrel,
For careful trial made me think
A barrel gives a longer drink.

*But glass or bottle, cask or tun,
This creed is held by every one:
“One thing alone is always true,
“Guinness is good for me and you.”*



“I’ll take two of those, please. How much do they hold?”
“Ninety thousand gallons each.”



WRITING last week about the furniture at Sir Philip Sassoon's delicious exhibition—which I again take leave to bring to the notice of all and sundry—I pointed out that this great array of gay and tender, but not passionate, refinement was overshadowed by coming tragedy. We can see now that the crash was inevitable, even necessary, and that a new conception of justice and of the essential dignity of man could not easily be welded to the old unyielding cast-iron constitution of eighteenth-century Europe. Had Louis XVI. been endowed with brains, the British Ambassador's report to his Government after the taking of the Bastille on July 14, 1789, might have been justified by events. "From this moment," he wrote, "we can regard France as a free country, the king as a limited monarch, and the nobility as reduced to the level of the remainder of the nation."

This page is not primarily concerned with the march of great political events, yet, as the arts do not evolve in a vacuum, but grow out of the minds of men who are inevitably subject to the interplay of political forces which, in their turn, help to mould the social philosophy of a nation, it is impossible to ignore so important a political upheaval as the French Revolution when considering the pieces of furniture illustrated here. They date from about 1810, and, at first sight, reveal a world as different from that mirrored so pleasantly at the moment at 25, Park Lane as does the noble Declaration of the Rights of Man from a manifesto by Herr Hitler. No greater contrast could be found than between these solid, heavy, dignified examples of cabinet-work under the French Empire and the elegant and exquisite trifle I reproduced last week—the little inlaid toilet-table belonging to Lady Harcourt.

It is uncommonly easy to take the normal academic view, and put the whole responsibility for this new-fangled style upon the somewhat parvenu society which formed the Court of Napoleon I. A clean cut had to be made with tradition, we are told, and the glories of the new dispensation must be suitably symbolised by artists and craftsmen. Back, then, to antique Roman virtues, with, in due course, tactful and subtle flattery of the outstanding genius who was once a penniless artillery lieutenant, then general, then First Consul, and finally Emperor. It is a very nice theory, especially if you happen to dislike both revolutions and emperors, and has been

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

AFTER THREE FRENCH REIGNS: THE FURNITURE OF NAPOLEON'S EMPIRE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

spade of the archæologist fifty years before as to the enthusiasms and agonies of the Republic and Empire. The unbiassed student, so it seems to me, will be able to trace a gradual and unbroken development towards this characteristic Empire type from the time when, in 1754, the discoveries at Pompeii and Herculaneum were first made known to polite society. It is difficult for us at this distance, and with our enormously greater and more exact knowledge of the ancient world, to realise how enthusiastic was the reception accorded to these discoveries. What we can see with our own eyes is the gradual change in design that came upon the furniture and house-decoration of the second half of the eighteenth century.

after it has ceased to be admired in the capital. As in the nature of things fashion is bound to change, it is not unreasonable to assert that, even had Napoleon received a fatal wound at, say, Toulon, and the monarchy been restored soon afterwards, something very similar to this Napoleonic style would have marked the turn of the century. This argument is reinforced by the history of French painting. The dominating figure of the revolutionary and Empire period is David, a superb draughtsman, whose dry classic style is admirably suited to his time. (A striking and unusual example of his work will be found illustrated in colour on page 297.) David and his followers achieved their reputation in



1. ADMIRABLE EXAMPLES OF THE AUSTERE, SOMEWHAT "HEAVY," STYLE OF FURNITURE FAVOURED AT THE TIME OF THE NAPOLEONIC EMPIRE: CHAIRS AND A CONSOLE-TABLE (IN MAHOGANY DECORATED WITH PLAQUES OF CHASED, GILT, BRONZE) WHICH ARE TO FIGURE IN THE FORTHCOMING SALE, AT BERLIN, OF THE GOLDSCHMIDT-ROTHSCHILD COLLECTION.

The chairs (two of a set of eight) are covered in yellow damask silk with green borders. The dimensions of the pieces seen in this illustration are: height, 90 cm.—breadth, 48 cm.—depth, 45 cm.—of the chairs; and of the console, height, 87 cm.—breadth, 78.5 cm.—depth, 39 cm. This console forms one of a pair. The sale has been arranged for March 14, at 7, Bellevuestrasse, Berlin W.9, and will be conducted by Herren Hermann Ball and Paul Graupe. It will be preceded by an exhibition at the same address.

In our own country we have the outstanding example of Robert Adam, and, in ceramics, of Josiah Wedgwood: in France we can see the slow alteration of the flowing, gracious rhythms of the reign of Louis XV. into the more rigid style—static rather than dynamic—of the pre-Revolution period. The new fashion comes

stirring times, when the sentimental prettiness of Greuze and the far more profound genius of Fragonard were looked upon as hopelessly frivolous. But David had already made his name before 1789, and the Salon of four years previous was full of paintings illustrating "The Devotion of Alcestis," "The Return of Priam with the Body of Hector," and "Mucius Scaevola Burning his Hand"; in short, republican enthusiasm for antique virtue was already in the air, and David, an authentic if somewhat second-class genius, would surely have imposed his authority upon his contemporaries, revolution or no revolution. We cannot even lay the blame for the gradual decline of fine craftsmanship and fine taste at the door of the revolutionaries, for a similar creeping paralysis afflicted English cabinet-makers in the early years of the nineteenth century. All we can say is that revolution and wars and bankruptcy and a new empire hastened a change which would have influenced the world of art in any case.

The general character of the French Empire style is very well illustrated by these examples from a forthcoming sale in Germany. We look in vain for the intimate, almost lyrical, grace of many of the finest products of the old order: instead we find a substantial dignity not very much to our present-day taste. The plain surfaces of the wood, which is nearly always mahogany, are enlivened and enriched by bronze plaques, carefully arranged to emphasise its natural beauty. These plaques are very fine indeed, and quite distinctive. The chairs illustrated are exceptionally severe: in some the legs will be slightly curved, and the arms will often end in sphinx-heads or vultures. Every sort of decoration is permissible, provided it is Greek or Roman or Egyptian. Settees and chairs are as often as not covered with a fine yellow or light-green silk. Legs will sometimes terminate in lion's paws. The heavy supports of the table and the settee in the illustration are the least agreeable characteristics of the style. Marquetry is unknown—for one thing, it was no doubt considered frivolous; for another, fine marquetry requires time and a high degree of skill—it was a much simpler matter to nail a bronze ornament upon a smooth surface.



2. A VERY FINE EXAMPLE OF EMPIRE PERIOD FURNITURE TO BE SOLD SHORTLY IN BERLIN: ONE OF TWO LARGE SOFAS WITH CUSHIONS; FROM THE COLLECTION OF BARON ALBERT VON GOLDSCHMIDT-ROTHSCHILD.

The dimensions of the sofa are: length, 205 cm.—height, 110 cm.—depth, 60 cm. The collection, which comes from Schloss Grüneburg, Frankfurt-am-Main, includes, besides furniture, pictures, bronzes, jewellery, porcelain, and tapestries.

sponsored by the very best people. None the less, I venture to suggest that in sober truth this distinctive and grandiose style is only partly due to the troubles of the last few years of the century, and that we have to look for its origin as much to the

into vogue very quietly: the legs of chairs become a little less cabriole before they are quite perpendicular, and the curve of a little cabinet is a little less pronounced before it decides to be finally rectangular, and the old style lingers on in the provinces long

Last seen travelling fast...

She is the car that sets out in the fitful light of morning before the world is properly aired, and proceeds to shake off the dust of five counties before lunch time. She is the car behind the long pencil of light that searches the street of some sleeping village near a channel port. She is usually seen travelling fast. She is mostly owned and driven by a man who has been motoring longer than nine out of ten car owners. She is the new Humber Snipe '80'—this year smoother, faster and even more comfortable than ever before.

HUMBER

Snipe "80" Sports
Saloon £550



SNIPE "80"
Sports Saloon £550

SHRIMPTON

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY. London Showrooms & Export Dept.: **ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1.**
London Service Depot: Somerton Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

OVERSEAS REPRESENTATIVES: *Australia and New Zealand:* Mr. C. E. Blayney, Rootes Ltd., Herald Buildings, Pitt Street, Sydney. *South Africa:* Mr. John Good, Rootes Ltd., P.O. Box 1374, Shell House, Corner Rissik & Main Streets, Johannesburg. *India, Burma and Ceylon:* Mr. H. H. Lilley, Rootes Ltd., 72, Park Street, Calcutta. *South America:* Rootes Argentina S.A. Callao, 1111, Buenos Aires. *Europe:* Mr. A. L. S. Cope, Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

EVERY HUMBER OWNER SHOULD READ "MODERN MOTORING" PRICE 4d. MONTHLY, OBTAINABLE THROUGH ANY NEWSAGENTS. 6/6 PER ANN. POST FREE

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

FOR three weeks, from Feb. 10, the Vauxhall factory at Luton was closed and production suspended! This is no bad news, but a heartening portent of commercial prosperity. For some time, demand for Vauxhall cars and Bedford trucks has exceeded output facilities. Immediate delivery of home-market orders has been impossible for some little while, and important overseas business has of necessity had to be refused. Confident that British business had staged a definite and permanent "come-back," the Vauxhall Company decided not only to take care of the present, but to plan for the future, and, as recently reported, an expenditure of half-a-million pounds sterling was allotted for building extensions and additional plant. That £500,000 has been spent. New buildings have sprung up, new machinery is ready for installation, and existing plant is ready to take its place in a completely designed scheme whereby the latest methods of flow production will bring the Vauxhall manufacturing system up to a point of high efficiency. Output will be considerably increased, and the town of Luton, already near the top of the list in employment percentage figures, will have some hundreds more wage-earners.

In an endeavour to supply all reasonable demands from the home market during the close-down of the works, all manufacturing sections had to work overtime for some while to take care of February deliveries, and now the reorganised works will again be in full production to meet the present growing demand for Vauxhall cars and Bedford trucks, and to develop the additional programme which I understand will be undertaken later in the year.

Hastings Rally: Entries for the R.A.C. Motor Rally to Hastings on March 14 to 18 closed with a total of 349 cars. Owing to the fact that the number of drivers desiring to start from London exceeds the original limit of 100 from this starting-point, a certain number of entries (additional to the 349 already accepted)

29 from Buxton, and 34 from Harrogate, including Captain Middleton-Joy, M.C., who won the Yorkshire cup given for cars from that place in the Torquay Rally last year. Liverpool has attracted 31 starters; while Newcastle-on-Tyne and Edinburgh have the lowest numbers, namely, 17 and 14 starters respectively from these cities. All these are additional to London's 100 cars, a veritable brigade of motors of all ages, powers, and makes, British and foreign.

The Torquay Rally last year certainly placed the hydraulic clutch or fluid flywheel and the pre-selector and easy gear-changing mechanism at the top of the prize-list, and satisfied the public that such systems on motor vehicles were sound and commercially practical. I wonder what automobile feature the Hastings Rally will disclose as most desirable in a motor carriage? The average speed to be maintained over the 1000 miles' tour is 26 miles per hour, 24 m.p.h., and 22 m.p.h. respectively for Classes 1, 2, and 3. Marks can be lost if the engine will not start up quickly by means of the starter, strangler, and ordinary controls; also in the slow-running test—50 yards in top gear in not less than 25 sec., equal to about 5 miles per hour in speed. Cars taking less time will lose marks for each second or part of a second by which they are less than 25 sec. Following the slow-running test the competitors will have to endure an acceleration and brake test for their cars; also a stop and restart test after the accelerator and brake trial. This stop and restart test will take place on a hill of about 1 in 6 gradient. As all the marks given or discounted will be based on the average performance in each class, any car bettering this average gains the higher number of marks, and consequently the best chance to win the first prize of its category.



THE REORGANISATION AND EXTENSION OF THE GREAT "VAUXHALL" WORKS AT LUTON: A "SHOP" DURING THE INSTALLATION OF NEW MACHINERY—PART OF A SCHEME WHICH WILL INCREASE BOTH THE CAPACITY AND EFFICIENCY OF PRODUCTION AT THESE FAMOUS WORKS.

are in suspense, and may subsequently be added to this total. This number is made up of 110 cars in Class 1, over 16 h.p.; 125 cars in Class 2, from 10 h.p. to 16 h.p.; and 114 in Class 3, for cars up to 10 h.p. Twenty-six competitors have chosen Bath as their starting-point for the tour round England, ending at Hastings; 28 start from Norwich, 70 from Leamington,



The
"REFRESHER"
in the
"CASE"!



★ ★ ★
THREE STAR
SPECIAL RESERVE
Scotland's Choicest
Standard Blend

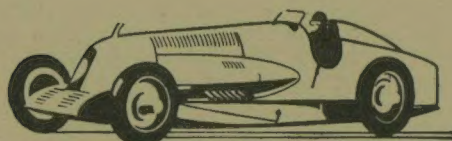
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
FIVE STAR
OLD LIQUEUR
For very Special
Occasions

Crawford's
LIQUEUR
SCOTCH WHISKY

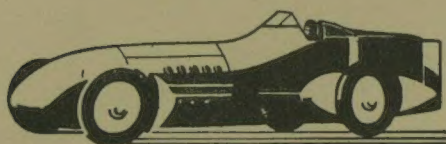
A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:—24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.



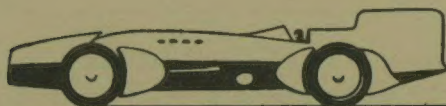
1925 On July 21st, on Pendine Sands in a Sunbeam Car, Sir Malcolm first secured the coveted record at 150.86 M.P.H.



1927 On February 4th, in the Napier-engined "Bluebird" on Pendine Sands he broke the record at 174.88 M.P.H.



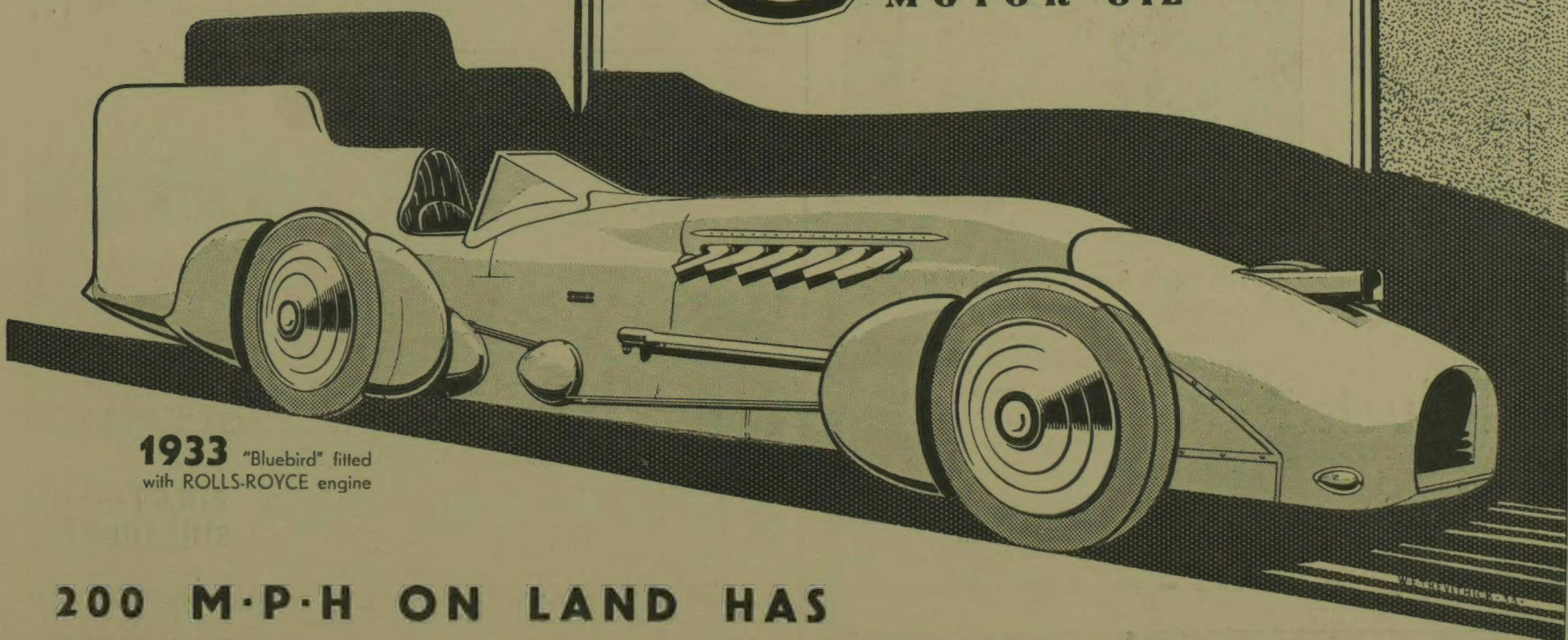
1928 On February 12th, at Daytona for the first time, Sir Malcolm attained 206.95 M.P.H.



1931 On February 5th, again at Daytona with a supercharged Napier-engine in "Bluebird," the record fell at 246.09 M.P.H.

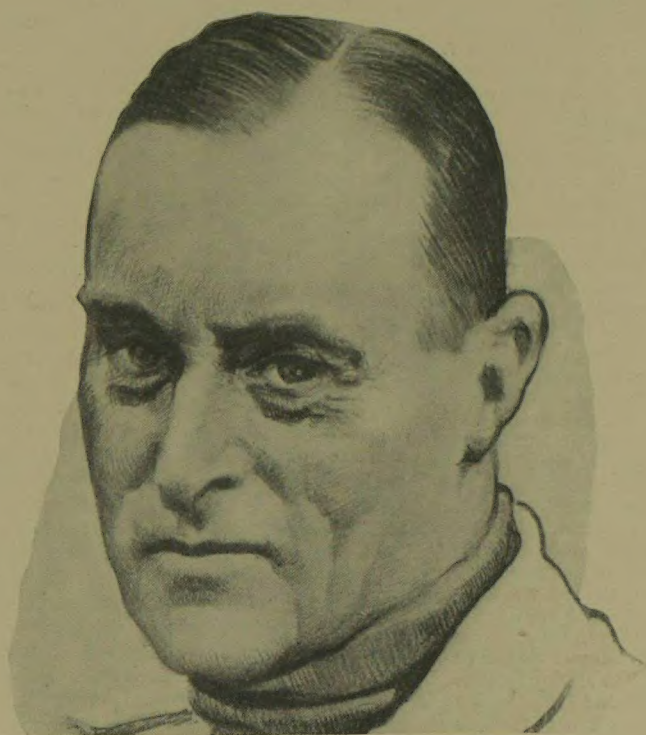


1932 On February 24th, Sir Malcolm raised his record to 253.96 M.P.H.



1933 "Bluebird" fitted with ROLLS-ROYCE engine

272 m.p.h!



The portrait of Sir Malcolm Campbell is reproduced by the courtesy of the "Autocar."

FOR THE SIXTH TIME

SIR MALCOLM

CAMPBELL CHOSE

WAKEFIELD
Castrol
MOTOR OIL



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

**200 M·P·H ON LAND HAS
NEVER BEEN EXCEEDED WITHOUT CASTROL**

PEPYS—THE ADMINISTRATOR.

(Continued from Page 312.)

be depended on, even from experience alone and integrity, unaccompanied with vigour of application, assiduity, affection, strictness of discipline and method." It was, he argued, "a strenuous conjunction of all these" that was needed. It was just this that he himself gave to the service of England.

These qualities were first displayed between the years 1664 and 1667, when the Second Dutch War put the English naval administration to the testing-point. The summer campaign of 1665 began with a great victory, a triumph for English gunnery; but the fruits of that victory were never reaped. At the critical moment of the year, when the Dutch fleet might have been destroyed, Lord Sandwich was forced to withdraw his ships to harbour owing to the complete breakdown of the victualling system. On Oct. 6, 1665, Pepys sat down and drafted to the Duke of Albemarle a letter, proposing and outlining remedies, which is a model of how an important administrative recommendation should be worded. Starting from clearly stated premises, it unfolds in lucid, compelling language, illustrated every now and then by phrases which stick in the memory, both the pros and the cons of his argument, until the unanswerable logic of the former has demolished all objection. When one has read it, one feels that nothing remains to be said against it. Nor does it detract from its administrative merit that Pepys hoped, as he admitted in his Diary, "to do myself a job of work in it." No one could grudge the new Surveyor-General of Victualling his salary who knew how dire was the need of such supervision and how well equipped he was to give it.

The Second Dutch War was the hard school in which Pepys learnt the lessons of maladministration. Despite all his efforts, the supineness of his colleagues and the appalling want of money which crippled the Navy at every turn culminated inevitably in the humiliation of the Medway. Discouraged and disillusioned, for a time even Pepys despaired, flung himself into loose amours, trifled away his time, and seemed to accept the inevitability of England's decline into a third-rate naval power. The sharp medicine of a Parliamentary enquiry restored him, and in the spring of 1668 he made that great four hours' speech at the Bar of the House of Commons which established his public reputation and saved the Navy Office from a disgrace which, but for Pepys's industry, it had richly deserved. Before the end of the year he had returned once more to the charge of impressing on a negligent Court and niggardly Parliament the supreme importance of making England great at sea—the more essential, as he claimed, "when regard shall be had to the daily growth of our neighbours in their naval force." In 1669 the Diary was laid aside and Mrs. Pepys died, but Pepys's work did not falter. Three years later he succeeded to the virtual control of the Navy, and, despite the disastrous five years' usurpation of the Admiralty by the incompetent politicians of the Popish Terror, was

enabled in the course of a generation to mould it to his liking. By virtue of this service, he takes his place by the side of the great Admirals of the coming years whose weapons he forged.

"The right hand of the Navy," the Duke of Albemarle called him in 1665. The title is still justly his. For if his fellow-diarist, Evelyn, by his genius planted the oaks from which Nelson's ships were constructed, it was Pepys who, by the great administrative tradition he established, helped to keep those ships free of rot, their men fed and clothed, their captains true to their duty and honour. Nor would he, for all his meticulous love of detail and his worldly material outlook, have regarded such a claim as extravagant. For a great Service, he well knew, lives not by bread alone, but by its traditions and its spirit, and the work of the Navy, which, under Providence, secures the safety and honour of this nation, taught Pepys no greater lesson, as he himself nobly confessed, than "that there is Something above both That and us that governs the World."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"IT'S YOU I WANT," AT DALY'S.

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS'S confidential manner is hardly suited to so large a theatre as Daly's, and on the first night he was so inaudible at the back of the theatre that the pit sent round a protest to the management. It was also a fact that he was far from word-perfect, which is a disastrous handicap in a frivolous farce that depends almost more than anything on its pace. That despite this the play was quite entertaining proves what an artist Mr. Hicks is, and it is safe to say that by the time these lines are in print it will be a hundred per cent. better. Mr. Seymour Hicks plays his stock rôle of a good-hearted *roué* to perfection. The ease with which he can be on with the new love before he is off with the old may be reprehensible, but is nevertheless very amusing. There are many bright lines, and, what is perhaps even more desirable in a farce, a room with five doors, a pair of French windows, a fire-escape, not to mention a screen behind which erring wives and husbands may conceal themselves. Miss Nora Swinburne gave a delicious performance as the young girl; quite the best thing she has yet done, despite the fact that she was suffering acutely from an attack of laryngitis.

"THE ONE GIRL," AT THE HIPPODROME.

If the title "Smiles" was at all appropriate for this musical comedy when it was originally produced in New York, then a good deal of the humour

has been lost in crossing the Atlantic, though no fewer than six authors and lyricists have been at work on the English version. Most of the laughs in the show are provided by Mr. Lupino Lane, who depends on his nimbleness rather than his author. He tumbles to very fair results, and in the second act, at all events, with some assistance from Mr. Arthur Riscoe and Mr. Robert Hale, there is an adequate supply of merriment. There is the beginning of a plot, but it soon fades out. Four Tommies in the trenches, a Frenchman (Mr. Guy Middleton), a Salvation Army man (Mr. Robert Hale), a crook (Mr. Arthur Riscoe), and a baritone vocalist (Mr. Robert Naylor) adopt a war waif (Mlle. Mireille Perrey). As in all popular novelettes and sentimental plays, these elderly guardians fall in love with their ward. The story lacks interest; so it is on the music and production this entertainment must stand or fall.

THE CLOTHES MOTH.

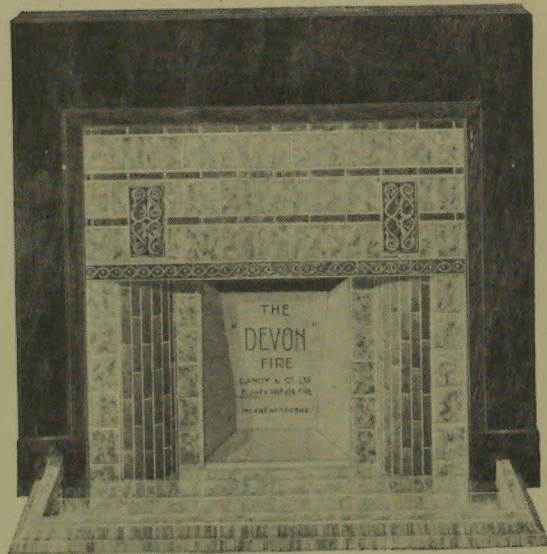
We regret that, owing to the writer's oversight, in the article on the Clothes Moth in our issue of Feb. 4, it was not expressly stated that it was intended to be a short summary of the chief contents of the pamphlet to which special reference was made in the concluding paragraph. The illustrations used in our article were taken from this pamphlet; the full title thereof is: "Clothes Moths and House Moths: Their Life-History, Habits, and Control," by Major E. E. Austen, D.S.O., assisted by Mr. A. W. McKenny Hughes, D.I.C., and it contains much valuable information in addition to that commented on in our article.

Interviewed the other day at the Textile Exhibition at the White City, Lord Derby said: "As President of the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland, I should like to express a welcome to the visitors from overseas who are here to see the British Industries Fair. It is splendid that our manufacturers as a whole have awakened to the necessity of inviting the world to come and see the range, charm, and quality of our British products. I have heard of the Advertising and Marketing Exhibition which is to be held at Olympia in July of this year under the auspices of the Advertising Association. The British Industries Fair now being held, and the Advertising Exhibition due in July, enjoy the same significance as expressing the desire and determination of our manufacturers to exert themselves in the science of marketing."

"the DEVON fire"

REGD. TRADE MARK

fitted
with the
Blakey
[patent]
hot-air
chamber
and ducts



DESIGN S 369

The Devon Blakey Hot Air Fire is designed with a hot air chamber beneath the fire bottom. Cold air passes into this through inconspicuous vents in the hearth—is warmed—and then ejected into the room by other vents in the surround. Ask your dealer about it. If he cannot supply you, write to Candy & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J), Devon House, 60, Berners St., Oxford St., London, W.1., for the name of your nearest agent.

PAT. NO.
370542



When in Canada
Smoke a **FRESH** cigarette

British Consols

MILD, SWEET, OLD VIRGINIA

"Made **FRESH** — Kept **FRESH**"

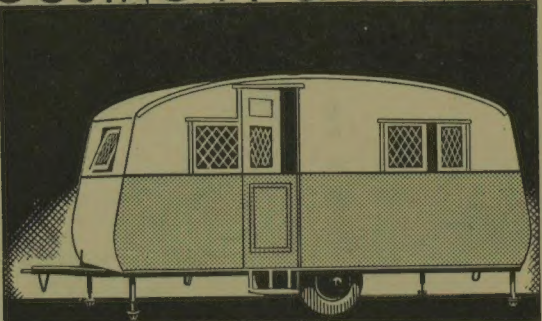
SEALED IN MOISTUREPROOF CELLOPHANE

MACDONALD'S CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS, MONTREAL, CANADA

IF YOU'RE CHOOSING A CARAVAN—



SEE THE



ECCLES

FIRST—AND
STILL THE BEST

ECCLES MOTOR CARAVANS LTD. STIRCHLEY BIRMINGHAM



By
APPOINTMENT

FINGER VICTORIA NUTS

These biscuits are made with the finest Cumberland butter—the best, richest, most famous butter in the world.

Until you have tasted them you cannot know how delicious a biscuit can be!

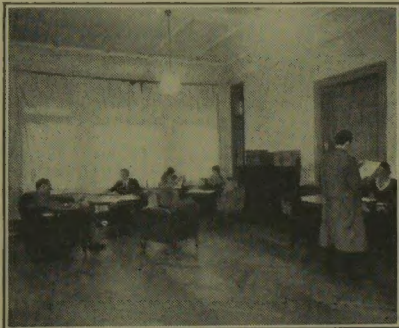
**MADE ONLY BY
CARR'S
OF CARLISLE
ENGLAND**

©314

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

At the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.



The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS
Reading Room in Berlin



**Cuticura SOAP
SHAVING STICK**

makes shaving a pleasure

What better way to start the day than to shave with **Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick!** Containing the medicinal and emollient properties of **Cuticura** it enables tender-faced men to shave in comfort and leaves the skin free from any tense, dry feeling.

Price 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.



**HOT WATER the
moment you want it**

The 'hot' tap that is connected up to a gas water-heater *always* means what it says. It gives you hot water—*really hot* hot water—the moment you want it. It gives you not just a kettleful at a time, but as much as you want. First thing at morning—last thing at night. And this is done automatically, and very economically.

The new gas water-heaters are amazingly efficient and only cost a few pence a week for each person. They are well worth a visit to your Gas Showrooms. Whether you need one to feed a single tap or every tap in the house, you will find the very thing awaiting you. Fill in and post the coupon below for an interesting illustrated booklet.

Thank
goodness
for

GAS

COUPON for free Illustrated Booklet on
water-heating. K. 17

Name.....

Address

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION
28 GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

The
Most Famous
House . . . *for*
Credit Accounts

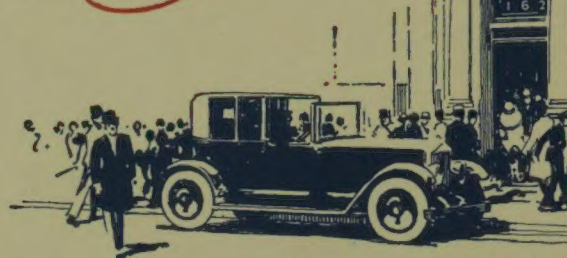
*Absolute Originators
of the following Terms
at Starting Price:*

NO LIMIT on SINGLES, DOUBLES
AND ACCUMULATORS

PLACE BETTING (FULL ODDS)
on every horse, even when favourite
starts odds-on

PAYING OVER TELEGRAMS IN
FULL IF LOST or wrongly trans-
mitted

ACCEPTING TELEGRAMS when
handed in up to the advertised time
of the race or from Racecourses up
to the "off"



Douglas

is waiting to open an

STUART HOUSE, SHAFTESBU